THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1729

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAR. 11, 1933

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 11, 1933

HITLER'S FINAL ELECTION GESTURE

His Flight to Königsberg Across the Polish Corridor, Broadcast Throughout Germany, Winds Up a Whirlwind Election Campaign

"This is no theory, my friends. It is life, it is courage, it is strength." Thus, amid the cheering of a vast audience, Chancellor Adolf Hitler, Germany's silver-tongued orator now re-established still more firmly as controller of his country's destiny, brought to a close a pæan in praise of National patriotism in his vigorous eve of election address at Königsberg, East Prussia. During the day the Chancellor had flown across North Germany and the Polish Corridor to the old fortress town of Königsberg, once one of the most powerful strongholds of the German Empire. Throughout the journey, Dr. Goebbels, the indefatigable propagandist of the National Socialist Party, had broadcast from the 'plane an account of the flight, stirring an unseen audience in the parks and open spaces of Germany's cities, who awaited with tense excitement the coming of election Sunday. The flight provided a dramatic wind-up to one of the most amazing elections of recent times, crowds flocking to the polls to reaffirm their faith in the dominating Austrian whose outstanding personality has rallied 17,000,000 people to his cause. In the picture above Hitler is seen in the cabin of his aeroplane, and in the background is Prince August Wilhelm, second son of the Kaiser and an ardent Hitlerite. The picture below shows the Chancellor being greeted by his sister on his arrival from Königsberg at Berlin, and next to her is Mrs. Goebbels and her son

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

STUDENTS OF FASHION AND FORM: Top-hatted students of Westminster School watch the Soccer duel at Vincent Square between Westminster and Highgate. The home team won this year, after a very even game, by three goals to two

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 8, 1933.

A DRASTIC DECREE.—

The implications and ultimate effects of last week's tremendous Presidential decree in Germany no human being can estimate. Every article in the charter of a civilized and democratic constitution was openly annulled in one fell swoop, and the German citizen returned to Barbarism, or worse, to the serfdom of the dark ages. His person and property and home lost all rights. He became liable to arrest without warrant or cause shown, his property to sequestration without question asked, his home to invasion by official or volunteer police without warrant. His letters became liable to be opened and read. He was forbidden the right of free speech, of fair comment in the Press, of convening meetings among his political sympathisers. All power was centred in the hands of a Cabinet, not yet assured of the Nation's support and in the course of a General Election. The death penalty became a principle instead of an ultimate sanction, and the federal Cabinet had power to usurp without reason assigned the executive powers in any State which failed to maintain order as Hitler's party would have it maintained—Bavaria for obvious reasons excepted. On the eve of the taking a free vote of the Nation upon its government, its chosen representatives in Reichstag and Prussian Diet, of the chief political parties opposed to the Fascist party, were arrested, all opposition Press was silenced over the period of the elections, and all opposition political propaganda was destroyed, while the private armies of Hitler's party were invested with police authority. The hand of Prussian Göring and perhaps the will of Hitler have been satisfied with nothing less. The pretext for this unparalleled act was the burning of the Reichstag, and that act proved for Hitler a very ram caught in the thicket. For, if it can be proved to have been a definitely planned signal for a Communist rebellion, it palliates the policy of force and suppression which preceded the act and gives justification for the decree which followed it, wiping out every remnant of opposition to Hitler's regime which remained active. When a torch is left burning on the powder magazine, the niceties of good manners may reasonably be disregarded, and not even Hitler himself can have considered the case against the Communist party as proved. For no case is proved without trial and without hearing the defence of the accused. Indeed, the first hesitating whispers of the discovery of incriminating evidence convinced no one; the burning of the Reichstag was universally regarded as a winning ticket in the political lottery; and it were better if those whispers had been stifled. What will come of this crashing *coup d'état?*

THE MELTING POT.—

It may be that German opinion or a majority opinion is reacting against Parliamentary Government, just as America is tiring of her own cumbrous constitution; it may be that the nations in fetters are beginning in principle to approve the theory of dictatorship. But theory is one thing, vigorous practice another; and it is inconceivable that, unless the national character has entirely changed since the War, the muzzled elements, in all their variety and with their strong, if diverse, purposes, will submit to a tyranny so absolute on a pretext at present so flimsy. Jews, Liberals, Socialists, Communists, Roman Catholics—elements so inharmonious—cannot, of course, be welded into a common cause by a common sense of injustice. But that fires will break out and refuse to be smothered in every class and State in the Reich, none can doubt. If Bavaria does not (sooner or later and despite the wise exception made in her favour) attempt to dissociate herself from a tyranny so foreign to her sentiment and to cash the promises and threats she has already breathed, it will surprise every student of German history. Indeed, the path that lies before Hitler has become strewn with obstacles which no human being can surmount. His mandate from the nation, secured at the pistol point, is nothing but a death-warrant in any hands but those of a supreme organizer and statesman. The German Empire is in the melting pot and it will surely come out unstuck.

AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY.—

A correspondent from America (it is a large country) desires me to know that the United States are not unanimous in their devotion to the particular form of Democratic constitution under which they exist. Enclosed were a number of "straws in the wind" (or cuttings from the American Press) indicating a sharp reaction against the clumsy and cumbersome processes of Democratic Government and a strong desire for financial and political dictatorships, to which indeed the banking crisis is heading. Thus: "While other States talk about Dictatorships, Indiana establishes one. The Governor now has the greatest powers ever conferred upon a Hoosier executive." And again: "Democratic leaders in House and Senate have under consideration a plan to confer on President-elect Roosevelt dictatorial authority to effect governmental economies, even to reducing the extent of appropriations that rest on existing statutes." Certainly Roosevelt enters on his tremendous term of office with wider powers than any of his predecessors since Lincoln, and none has a better prospect of success if he endeavour to make the rusty wheels of the machine revolve for the benefit of the people it was designed to serve and protect. A fortnight has elapsed since my correspondent wrote. I must say that the first pronouncements of the new President suggest that the United States are likely to taste the rare vintage of hopes fulfilled. I am instructed to expect that in the course of a few years America and France will join Italy, Germany, Turkey, Greece, and the rest in establishing dictatorships, local and central, financial and political.

THE EXPLORERS.—

You must be sure of your surplus before you reduce taxation—that is common ground to all who believe that a financially first-class Power should still endeavour to balance its budget. But the Conservative amateur economists (who gave up some weeks of their summer holidays to paring in theory the great cheese of National services) assert with confidence that a satisfactory surplus can only come from a revival in trade. From that view Mr. Baldwin, on behalf of the Government, does not dissent. But while the amateurs declare that you must reduce direct taxation to be sure of that surplus, the professional lays it down that you must secure that surplus before you reduce taxation. Which appears to reveal a fallacy in the argument on one side. So we file quietly away from the umpteenth debate on economy with the usual feelings—futility and hope deferred. Nothing to be expected this year. Next year? Sometime? Never? "Don't say that," cries honest Baldwin. "You forget the avenues." "The avenues?" "Yes, the avenues to retrenchment and economy. We mean to continue exploring them." Hope revives.

DR. ALINGTON.—

Deaneries (Durham's in particular) are the preserve of the headmasters of great public schools. Dr. Alington is to leave Eton for the Deanery, Durham, after the summer half. He has had sixteen years as headmaster, and nine more as assistant master, at Eton. Dr. Alington has upset all my pet theories. I hold strongly to the view that headmasters, party

WESTMINSTER RE-HOUSING: The Editor desires to draw the attention of his readers to the Special Feature dealing with the Housing Problem of London. The matter is treated from the side of private enterprise and also from the side of municipal effort. The Westminster City Council have recently been active in rehousing the inhabitants of Millbank, who previously lived in the little one- and two-storey houses which formerly covered a large portion of this district. The tenants are now housed in large specially constructed blocks of flats, the exterior and interior of which we here illustrate for the first time. The children are sturdy enough—they are the test as to the efficiency of housing conditions. The sturdy legs of the youngster in the forefront of this typical group, taken a few yards from their new home, is proof enough of their physical condition. It should be remembered that His Grace the Duke of Westminster gave the ground and about £113,000 towards the development of this re-housing scheme. Beyond these 379 flats now in occupation, there are 141 others rapidly nearing completion. A further 84 flats will in due course be erected, making a grand total of 604 on the estate

leaders and butlers should pass on to new spheres of activity after ten years' service. Dr. Alington has exceeded my limit by six years, but has not outstayed his welcome nor shown signs of losing sight of the wood from over much attention to the trees. His popularity with staff and boys has not diminished. On the contrary. He had to fight his way to popularity as all live "heads" must do. Then I hold the view that leading headmasters and eminent clergymen should not be "popular" journalists. "Funny stuff" is all very well as a drawing-room diversion or to fill a column in a school periodical; but the reverend headmaster of Eton is a dignified figure who should (in my poor view) resist the lure of writing snappy or light articles in the Press and of publishing humorous little books. Dr. Alington has published humorous books and has successfully provided the public with its weekly ration of religion in the Press. And neither his personal dignity nor the authority of his more serious publications have suffered decline. On his shoulders, perhaps, will fall the cloak of the Dean of St. Paul's. *Vale atque ave!* He goes to a princely Deanery.

THE RECORD OFFICE.—

The Queen's tastes are catholic, and I was not surprised, having regard to her deep interest in the treasures of Windsor Castle library, that she should find time to examine those of the Record Office. To me it is the most thrilling museum in London. The massive pile is built on the site of the Chapel of the House of Converts, founded by Henry III for converted Jews. Edward I expelled the Jews, and the sinecure office of "keeper" fell to be the perquisite of some Chancery clerk, to whom was assigned the task of keeping Chancery records. In Queen Victoria's reign all public records began to be concentrated there. Considering chances and changes, fires and interregnums during five centuries, it is lucky that so much which is priceless remains. You can take your pick of thrills in the great room which houses Torrigiano's splendid monument to Dr. Young; the very Doomsday Book brought to the death-bed of William the Conqueror; Drake's letter, praying for rations and munitions, dashed off in the heat of the Armada fighting; the last letters of Essex and Leicester, endorsed in Elizabeth's handwriting; Guy Fawkes' fist, before and after torture; Monmouth's whines for mercy; the original despatches announcing the victories of Blenheim, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; the famous "Olive Branch" petition which draws the American tourist; and Defoe, praying to be spared the pillory. *Hic lacrymae rerum:* here the breath of life is put into history.

THOUGHTS ON FLOODS.

—We no longer accept earthquakes and floods as God's punishment for sin. Otherwise we should to-day have no doubt whatever of Japan's blood-guiltiness. But God sometimes punishes stupidity. I thought, as I paddled my way up to London the other day across the temporary Venice which lay beside and astride the Portsmouth Road, how very picturesque those great expanses of water may look, rippling in the wind and glittering in the sun. The rivers of old England are not parvenus. Chaucer saw the Wey much as it is now, and saw it flood its banks. Picturesque as its floods are, they are not very comfortable for those who must receive them into their habitations. What were the counter advantages which decided our ancestors to build their homes and shops in the flood zone, to be for ever the sport of the weather, for ever risking the probability of twice a year having their living-rooms drowned out and their stock-in-trade afloat? Not convenience of transit, for 10 ft. more or less of extra transport makes no matter. It is a mystery to me, but I do not doubt that counter advantages do exist. For still it goes on. So far as we have progressed at all, we have attempted to check, and not to encourage, the flooding over of the Thames and its tributaries; but still we build new homes, shops, and bungalows in areas which we are perfectly aware must be waterlogged two or three times a year by the normal results of wintry weather and equinoctial rains. And nobody dreams of checking this grotesque example of puerility.

"FAUX PAS."

—The lady who asked Lord Allenby the other day if he had ever been to Jerusalem joins the ranks of the famous anonymous. While it is a rule of Law and of Society that ignorance is no excuse, it is a civilized convention not to give away the names of perpetrators of glaring *faux pas*. They are known—like prosecutors in certain blackmailing cases—as Mr. X and Mrs. A. The individual who asserted in reference to the Venus of Milo that Milo was the first sculptor of his age, the gentleman who in Brooks' brought off the famous *lache* concerning three successive Speakers in the presence of their sons, the courtier who tried a doubtful story on Queen Victoria, and a score more famous unfortunates who have prayed that the earth might open and swallow them up, will all welcome the new member of their brotherhood. Personally, I have a sneaking sympathy with them. *Faux pas* are not always the result of egotism; omniscience is rare and we most of us are specialists. Even Dr. Johnson was shaky about the anatomy of the horse, and his was the sensible defence of a *faux pas:* "Sheer ignorance, madam." If the lady had replied to Lord Allenby: "I daresay I ought to have known that you have some connection with Jerusalem," it is very doubtful if he would have repeated the story of her infamy.

A SAVOY PROPHECY.—

It has amazed me that, in the whole length of the great publicity campaign which preceded the opening *at the Savoy* of the very jolly *Jolly Roger*, not one humorist or old Savoyard put his finger on the god-sent and clearly prophetic quotation from the greatest of all Savoyards to sum up the dispute between Equity and Jolly Roger Robey. See *Iolanthe* (last page of dialogue). "LORD CHANCELLOR (loq.): Allow me, as an old Equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple—the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that this immortal is an actor-*proprietor*, and there you are out of your difficulty at once." I hope I have got the quotation from *Iolanthe* exact! There is no doubt that Gilbert was a prophet and that the insertion of a single word did do it and saved a number of grease-painted faces.

WISDEN WHILE YOU WAIT.

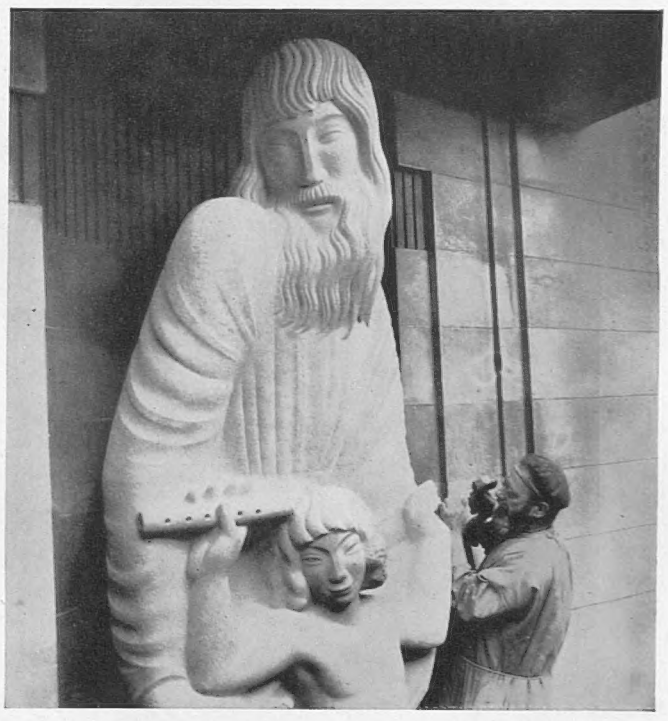
—To achieve optimism—read Wisden while you wait for summer. The appearance of *Wisden's Almanack* each year is as assured of its place in my list of *signa veris* as is the first butterfly, the hum of the bee, or the return of the chiff-chaff. To-day I can almost smell the scent of hot mown grass. It is a hardy annual this, which has exactly reached "man's allotted span" and, like all healthy septuagenarians, is "still going strong." It is a very wise, restrained, comprehensive publication. It treats of b—y l—e bowling as that delicate subject should be treated—firmly and yet tactfully. Wisden sounds a note of warning as regards the future of county cricket. If the spirit were all that was needed, there need be no anxiety at all. But unfortunately the dirty money enters even upon the idyll of green acres, and some of the counties are financially dicky. There should be a handsome divide from the Australian tour which will tide them over another year. Beyond that . . .? But who dreams of looking ahead two years in any sphere of life to-day? The five heroes of the year come for once as a complete surprise to the general public. They are Brown, Voce, Astill, Kennedy, and Nayadu (of the Indians). Memory is so short, and the Tests have been so absorbing, that the deeds of the three last named had faded out, but Wisden doesn't forget. It is his *métier* to remember, to record, and to grade.

THE ROAD CHARTER.—

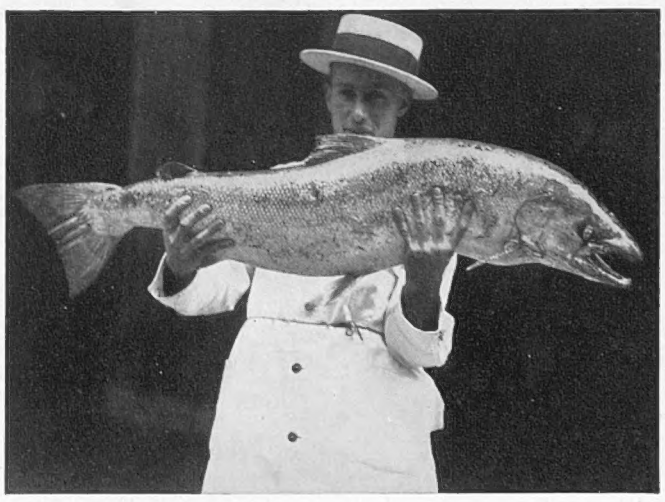
The failure of the Traffic Act of 1930 is every day made more plain. Sanguine promises were held out that it would remove one of the darkest blots on our civilization. It is an elaborate and in part sensible consolidation of traffic regulations; it is two years old, and 50 per cent. of its regulations were still-born or became dead letters. This Act is the strongest argument in the case for abolishing the Transport Ministry and making it a department of the Home Office. Common sense screams out that the same department which makes traffic regulations should have the power to enforce them. The Ministry of Transport has been proved *vox et praeterea nihil*. It forbids reckless driving, excessive noise, excessive fumes; it regulates the weight of vehicles, binds down public, commercial, heavy and trailing vehicles to all sorts of restrictions, and it is powerless to enforce a small part of its regulations.

THE OLD STAGER

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FOAM: Firemen demonstrating before Fire Brigade chiefs from all over the country on Northolt racecourse the possibilities of a new chemical, covered in white foam, designed for dealing more rapidly with fire. The foam consists of 90 per cent. air, 8 per cent. water, and a mixture of special powder. It is non-injurious to materials and rapidly disappears



"INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE": Mr. Eric Gill, the distinguished sculptor and designer, puts the finishing touches to his gigantic and singularly appropriate statue of Prospero and Ariel which is erected over the entrance of Broadcasting House, Portland Place. Ariel, producer of fairy music in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, of course typifies the modern magic of wireless



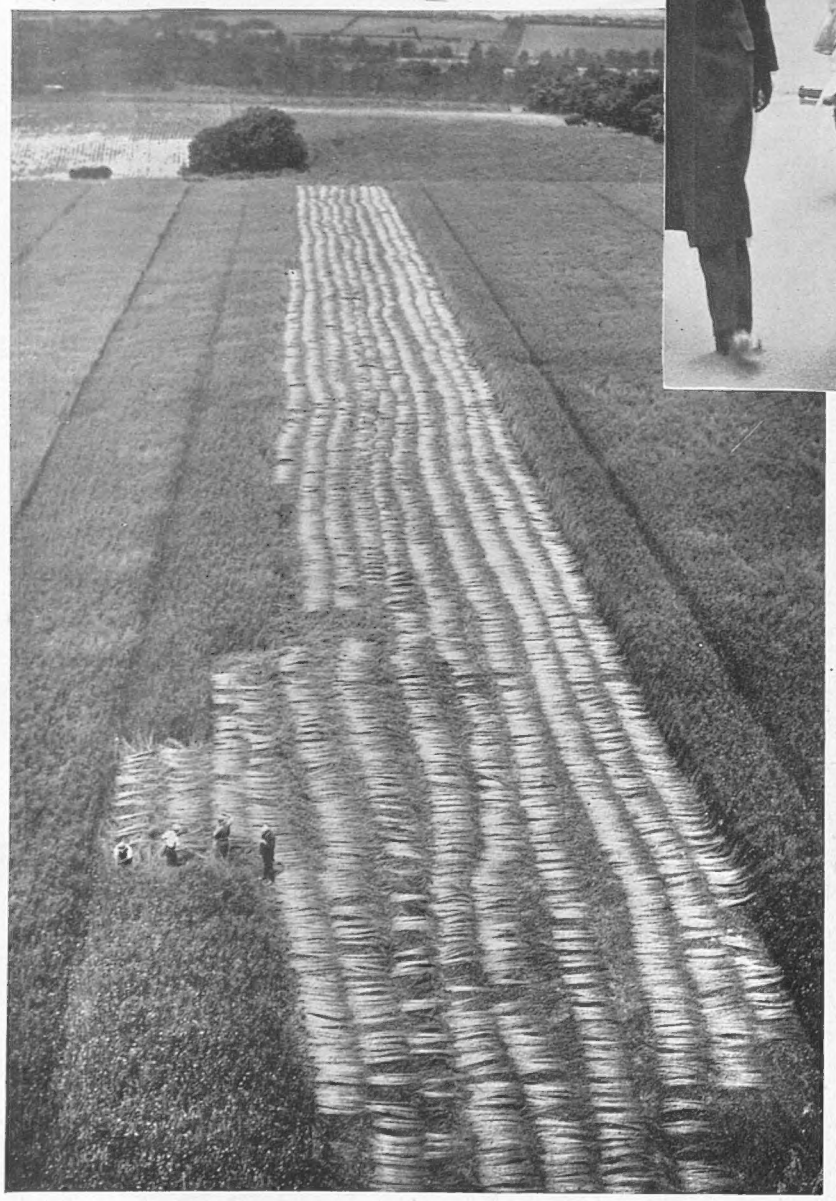
CAUGHT AND RETAILED: A fish salesman at a well-known London store with the salmon which was hooked in the Spey at 7.55 a.m., landed at 8 a.m., and sold to the Misses Doris and Elsie Waters, of wireless fame, at 5.30 p.m. the same day

MOSLEM MISSIONARY LEAVES LONDON: After five years' missionary work among London Moslems, the Imam of the London Mosque, Farzand Ali (left), is leaving for India. His place is being taken by Moulvi A. R. Dard, M.A. (right)

Royalty and People in Town and Country

LEAVING ST. JAMES'S PALACE: The Prince of Wales leaving the palace after Tuesday's Levée, where he deputized for the King. *Right* — Miss Christal Brooks seen in Bond Street in the mode popularized by Miss Marlene Dietrich in Hollywood

OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE: City men discussing the American financial crisis. With France's political stability threatened by her Government's taxation measures, and America in the throes of a banking crisis the like of which she has never before experienced with such intensity, Paris and New York both must give pride of place to London as the financial centre of the world—a position reflected in the demand for pounds by the Continent during the week



THE KING AIDS A NEW INDUSTRY: A flax field on the King's estate at Sandringham where His Majesty has allowed the Linen Industry Research Institute to carry out experiments in flax growing on 120 acres of his land. The Institute has discovered that in East Anglia it is possible to produce treble the yield per acre obtainable in Russia, and as the Soviet now supplies 80 per cent. of the flax needed in the United Kingdom it is hoped that Britain will now be able to establish her own industry and dispense with foreign imports

TRAGEDY AT BARMOUTH: The cliffs at Towyn, near Barmouth, North Wales, showing the wrecked engine of the mail train which was hurled into the sea by a heavy landslide. The coaches of the train remained on the line, but the engine took with it the driver and the fireman, both of whom were killed instantly. It is thought that the accident occurred as the result of the thawing of snowdrifts which had undermined the railroad and the cliffs

BERLIN'S History-making Week

SUNDAY MORNING IN BERLIN: Large crowds gathered in the vicinity of Germany's burnt-out Parliament buildings to get a glimpse of the work of the Communist incendiary — it was the Sunday morning sight. *Right*—Herr Van der Lübbe, the Dutch Communist from Leiden, who has been arrested for the Reichstag outrage. *Left*—Police controlling the crowds outside a Berlin polling booth on election day

SEARCHING SUSPECTS ON THE EVE OF GERMANY'S ELECTIONS: Tense excitement reigned throughout Germany on the days immediately preceding the elections, and party feeling, particularly among the Nazis and Communists, resulted in frequent street clashes between over-zealous supporters. The Berlin police were compelled to take the most elaborate precautions against further breaches of the peace, and, as this picture shows, interrogated thousands of people in certain districts of the city. Raids were carried out on houses known to harbour members of the Communist party, and the Government made numerous arrests of political enemies

THE END OF GIANTITIS : A WORLD DISEASE

The Gospel of Bigness for the Sake of Bigness, which has Led America and the World to Regard Vast Business Amalgamations as a Sign of National Health, and Enormous Structures of Steel and Concrete as a Tribute to the Vision and Lofty Ideals of the Builders, is Here Discussed to its Detriment

By C. PATRICK THOMSON

If President Roosevelt's inaugural address means anything (and between you and me and the famous smile of the resolute new Chief Executive, it means a lot) the great United States is due for a spell of intensive training which will sweat off most, if not all, of the adipose tissue accumulated during the prosperity phase.

A good deal of it has melted already. The over-opulent Metropolitan Opera, for instance. Mr. Otto Kahn can no longer afford to give America the world's most magnificent opera show by the simple process of outbidding everyone else for the services of the most famous grand opera stars—that apart from the fact that it is no longer smart to pay the world's highest prices for opera stalls and boxes, and adorn them with a stunning phalanx of pearl studs and diamond tiaras.

A 230,000,000 DOLLAR ENTERPRISE: The seventy-storey Rockefeller Centre skyscraper between 48th and 51st Streets, New York, which even eclipses in size its contemporary products of "giantitis," the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings. This "city within a city" is capable of housing by day over 150,000 people

Henry Ford has been obliged to contract that too-extended assembly line which threatened to swamp the whole world with his own brand of mass-production cars. The U.S. Steel Corporation the world's biggest industrial organization, has been forcibly shrunk—so much so that, having lost 71,000,000 dollars in 1932, and eaten into its surplus to the tune of 90,000,000 dollars, it has had to break a preferred dividend record going back to the formation of the corporation in 1901. The world's biggest music hall, in Radio City, the world's biggest building, ran only a week, and then was obliged to close down, discarding the biggest show ever seen and terminating the longest vaudeville show ever presented. And Mr. Mitchell, America's biggest banker, has been suddenly deflated, and his grandiose ideas of banking, which included the high-pressure selling, through a chain of bond stores, of a vast volume of securities, too vast a volume, have been debunked.

These are only outstanding items in a long list, which, taken by and large, indicates that the giantitis from which America has been suffering is already being sweated away, fitting her for the more drastic purging processes of the complete cure.

Giantitis? The cancer of growth divorced from reason and fundamental human values. Bigness for the sake of bigness. Expansion unrelated to human needs or community interests. The worship of power and technical skill expressed simply in terms of size.

The cause of the disease is well-known. It is due to over-stimulation of the glands of growth, producing a lopsided development accompanied by grandiose ideas, delusions, and a lust to go bigger, and bigger, and bigger. The disease runs its course; the end seldom varies. The weak legs at last give way. The giant staggers, reels, falls jerkily to his knees, and so folds up. The physicians and surgeons then have to work over him and try to restore the old healthy rhythm of normal growth disrupted so disastrously in the giantitis phase.

It is not, of course, a disease confined to America, although that huge nation has had it more badly than most. Germany was the great pre-War sufferer. Powerful serums were injected into the brain, nerves, and veins of that people, forcing the growth-controlling glands to work overtime. The whole balance of the organism was upset, producing in the Germanic culture that mad strain which expressed itself in the worship of the Kolossal. A thing only had to be big enough, to be beautiful, and also good. But the Germanic tribes no longer prostrate themselves before the god of the Kolossal. The surgeon's knife of the War effected a pretty thorough cure.

After the War even the cool, poised, insular British, showed signs of catching the disease. They had been submitted to a prolonged exposure to its germs. They had done things, built, organized, on a bigger scale than they had dreamed was possible for them or anybody else. They must go on in that way. And for a time they did.

Two great national armament firms turned to peace-time industrial production on a tremendous scale. They crashed. One lost £12,500,000, the other £10,000,000. A banking consortium performed a merger operation; and now, one tight-knit concern, they represent a healthy organism. Lord Kylsant bought up and grouped shipping lines. There was no economic reason for the creation of this vast group under the Kylsant flag. But it was big and that inspired confidence—until its thin underpinning broke. Now the pieces of the shipping giant have been collected and are being kept separate in the hope that thus they will climb back to health, growing normally. United Molasses blew itself out—and very nearly blew itself up. Hatry had a grandiose idea for pumping the giantitis bacteria under high pressure into the steel industry. He even had bankers fascinated by the vision. But luckily for the steel industry, the elaborate processes for the production of the germ culture necessitated at one stage the forging of municipal bonds in the Hatry laboratory, and England was spared a steel giant with a moron brain, short wind, faulty heart, and rickets.

For her swift cure—the disease really only passed over the island like an influenza wave, producing high temperature and leaving a sense of depression for some time after its departure—Britain must thank her insular character and her age. She is an old country, and in the course of long centuries has acquired an inherent rhythm and balance.

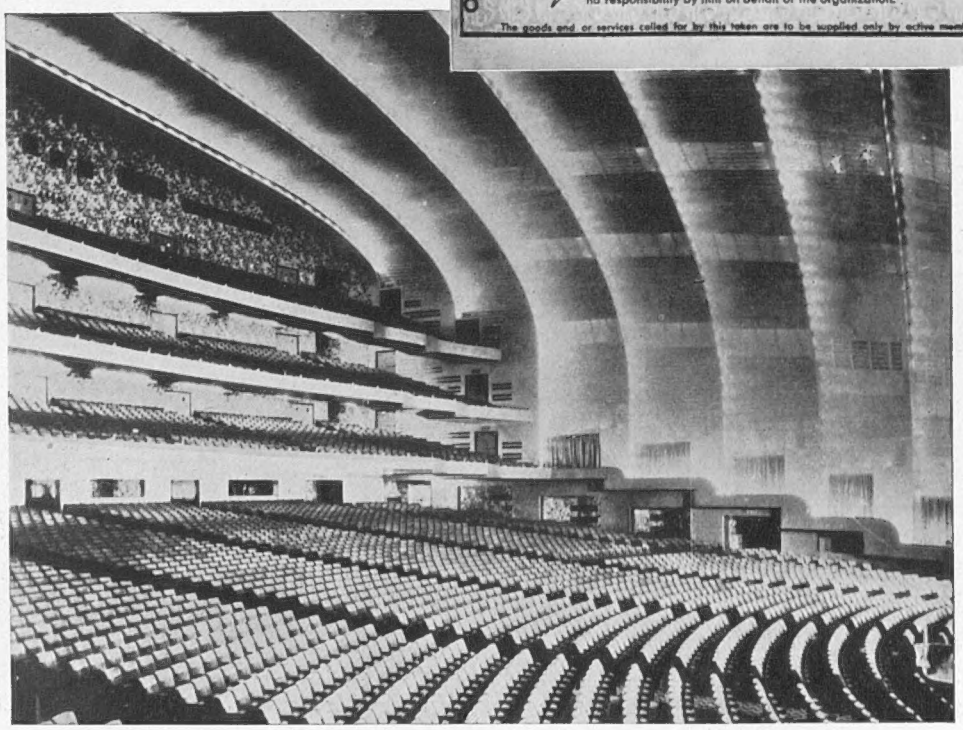
But Red Russia has had a fearful go of it. She caught the disease from America. Stalin looked around the world and saw America roaring with prosperity. Overgrown assembly lines were adding to an existing total of 20,000,000 automobiles at the rate of 1,500,000 a year. Over 800,000 automobiles had been sent into overseas markets. This automobile business alone was producing £600,000,000 worth of goods a year, and a commentator had just observed that the industry clearly was headed for higher permanent levels. All the giant plants were clanging away, adding to the wealth of the people; and more plants were going up, and existing ones were extending. Everything was growing fast—so fast that the stock market valuation of the total of listed securities was touching 90 billion dollars, and Professor Griffith Taylor, the geographer, was estimating that by 2000 A.D. the population of the United States would have increased from 120,000,000 to 513,000,000. (The professor, of course, was mistaking a fever chart for the graph of a normal temperature; but neither he, nor the American people and their leaders, nor Stalin and his Five-year planners, knew it then.)

"If capitalist groups can do that," said Stalin, "the Red State, bigger than any private capitalist group, can do it, and do it in a bigger way." And he proceeded to go big with all the childish optimism of an Oriental dictator fascinated by the latest scientific toy from the West.

American technicians were brought over. Huge orders for machinery were placed. Ford sold his blue prints and a factory for £6,000,000. The Russian people were worked and starved to provide money for all this. Up went the Tractorstroi on the banks of the Volga at Stalingrad—the largest factory in Europe, with an industrial town complete

(Continued on page 342)

On right—BACK TO BARTER IN MONEYLESS AMERICA: One of the hastily engraved token notes, representing one dollar, which America has been compelled to resort to as a result of banking restrictions



THE MAD HATTER PRODUCT OF MANHATTAN: The Radio City Music Hall, the largest theatre in the world, built to seat over 6,000 patrons, which has had to be closed down on account of its unwieldy size. Mr. Patrick Thompson describes it as the most complete and characteristic case of giantitis since an Egyptian megalomaniac built a pyramid for a tomb

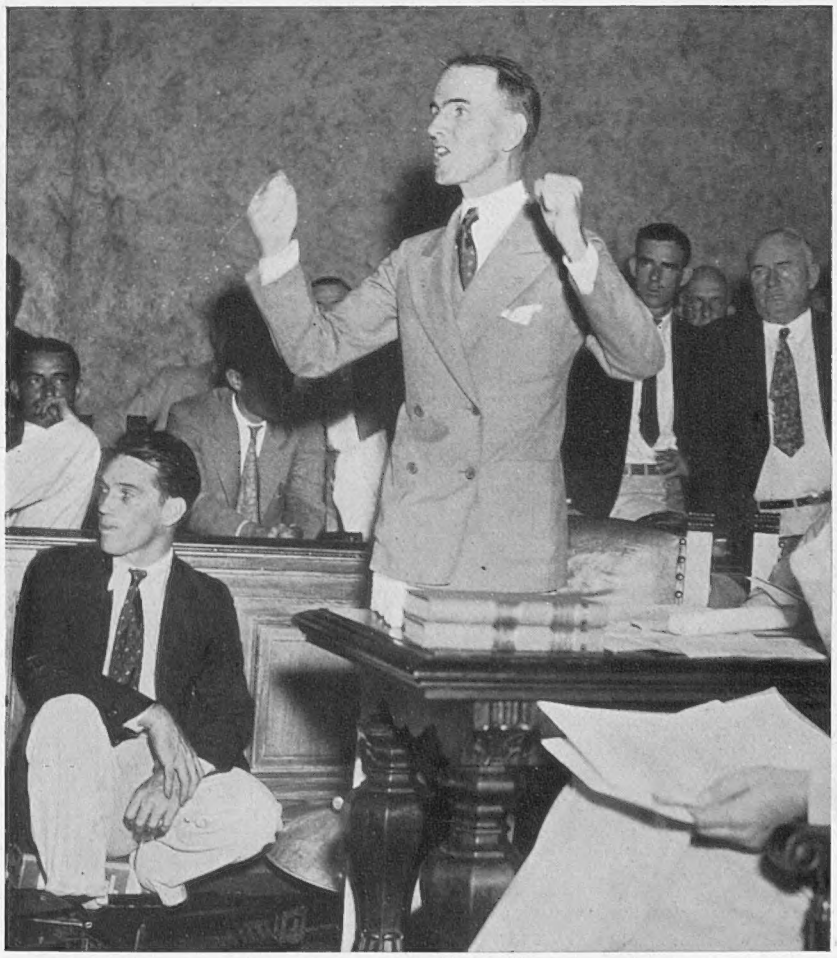
SPILT MILK in AMERICA

THE BANKING CRISIS: Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank, New York, who resigned from his position last week, gives evidence on the American financial crisis before the Senate Banking Committee in Washington

A MILK WAR IN THE MIDDLE-WEST: Wisconsin dairy farmers, in a protest for higher prices, have dumped huge quantities of milk in the road near New London, Wisconsin

THE INSULL INVESTIGATIONS: The financial structure, prosperous in America's years of plenty and disastrous in its lack of foundation during the years of depression, upon which Mr. Samuel Insull founded his gigantic Utilities organization, continues to be the subject of inquiry by an American Senatorial Committee. Mr. Samuel Insull, Junr., is seen here under cross-examination by the committee to whom he revealed that in one transaction alone his father and members of his family earned a profit of 25,000,000 dollars

WOMAN'S IMPORTANT U.S. CABINET POST: President Roosevelt completed his Cabinet last week with the appointment of Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labour



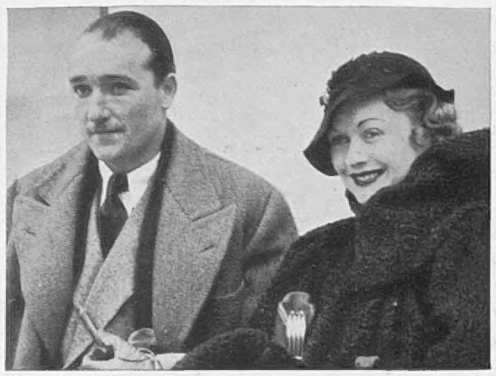
PLEADING FOR AN ASSASSIN: Mr. Louis D. Twyman, attorney for the defence, pleads for Giuseppe Zangara, the Italian fanatic who attempted to assassinate President Roosevelt at Miami, Florida, and one of whose bullets has since the trial resulted in the death of Mr. Anton Cermak, Mayor of Chicago. Zangara received the maximum penalty of eighty years, but may now be sentenced to death

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR ARRIVES: Sir Ronald Lindsay, Britain's Ambassador in Washington, makes a hurried landing at the Battery, New York, before going direct to President Roosevelt's home to continue his discussions on the War Debt situation. Sir Ronald's arrival on the *Majestic* was delayed several hours by fog

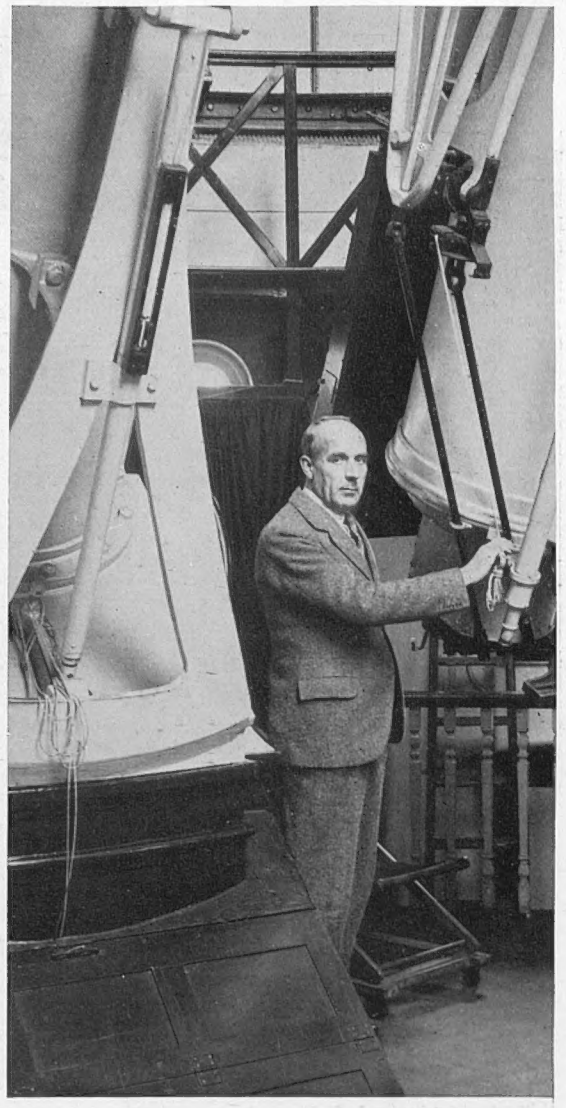
PEOPLE
in the Week's News

CAKES AND ALE FOR MEMBERS OF A CITY COMPANY: In accordance with a bequest under the will of Alderman John Norton, who died in 1612, members of the Stationers' Company received old ale and spiced buns last week in the Stationers' Hall prior to a service in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. Members of the company are seen toasting the donor

A CITY SENSATION: Mr. Martin Coles Harman (left), the City financier, walking to the Police Court at the Guildhall to answer with fellow directors charges of conspiring to defraud



MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT, the famous Hollywood film star, seen on her arrival in Liverpool with her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise



ON MERIDIAN 0: Dr. Harold Spencer Jones, who has now taken up his duties as Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory. He succeeds Sir Frank Dyson

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY MEETS THE SHAREHOLDERS: Sir George Courthope, Mr. Eric Gore Brown, Lord Radnor, and Lord Ebbisham at the annual meeting of the Southern Railway at Cannon Street last week

AT CLARIDGE'S: Mr. Percy Nobbs and Mr. John Begg, F.R.I.B.A., at the Royal Institute of British Architects' annual dinner

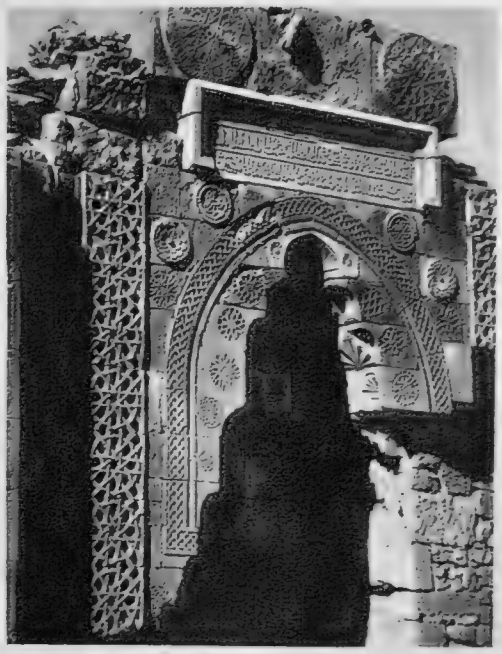
A ROMANO FESTA: Brigadier-General Trotter and Miss Petro attend the "Grand Reopening Night" at Romano's following the completion of extensions and re-decoration

AT NO. 11: Mrs. Stanley Baldwin receiving General Higgins, head of the Salvation Army, and Mrs. Higgins at Downing Street last week. Mrs. Baldwin is greatly interested in the charitable work done by the "Army"

A FLEET STREET AFFAIR: Mr. W. G. Fish, formerly Editor of the *Daily Mail*, after his marriage to Miss Margery Townshend

BACK TO WORK: Captain R. Eden, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, chatting with his wife before leaving Victoria for Geneva, where he returned to attend last Monday's Disarmament meeting

Relics of Syrian Architecture Newly Pictured



MONUMENTS OF A DEAD RACE: The Seljuk dynasty, immediate forerunner of the Ottoman Empire, left behind it many remarkable monuments. This caravanserai at Cæsaria was built on one of the main Syrian trading routes and is one of the most interesting relics of the period now extant. In the centre is the mosque and behind it the guest rooms. *Right*—The finely ornamented gateway of the caravanserai

M'SHATTA

The Key to an Archæological Controversy

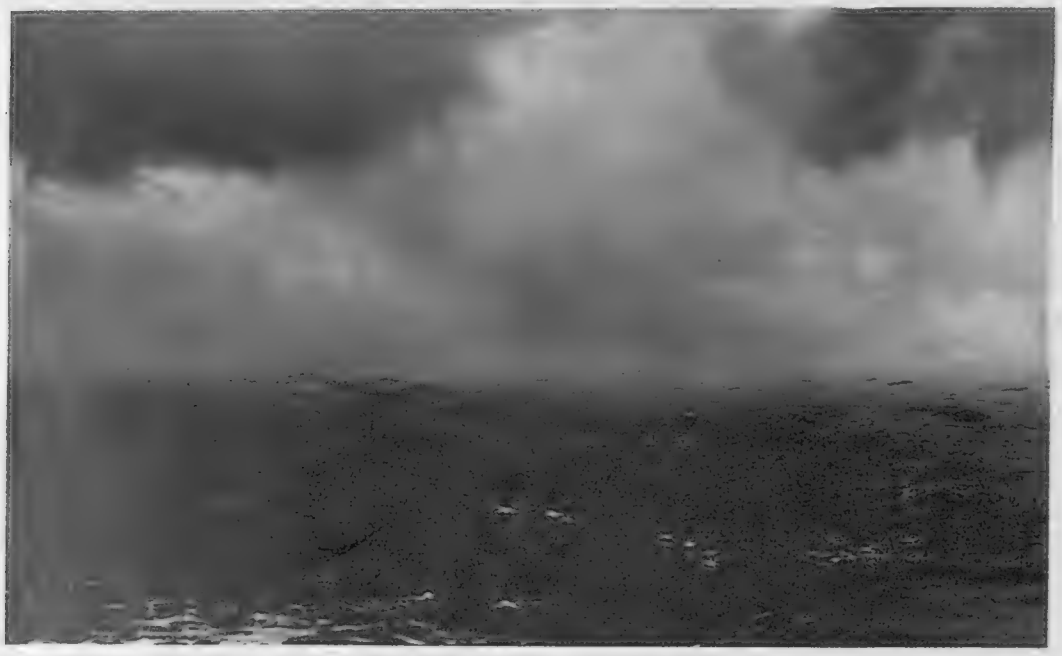
So dominating was the influence of Rome upon the known portion of the globe during the period of her power, and so outstanding an importance has she assumed in the eyes of the historian, that much has been attributed to her civilization, particularly architecturally, which has since proved never to have belonged to her. During the past twenty years there has been much discussion regarding the true origin of the essential principles of Byzantine art. Some have claimed that the frescoes of the Catacombs and the mosaics of the early basilicas of Rome largely provided the pattern, and that the architectural influence of the western half of the empire was imposed upon the new capital of the East at Constantinople. Others, whose research was perhaps more prolonged, placed little credence upon this belief and attempted to discover in the early Christian art of the Orient the beginnings of the glory that was afterwards Byzantium.

Critics holding the latter belief have during the past decade brought forward a mass of evidence in proof of their case, not the least important part of which is the famous frieze in the Palace of M'shatta. The palace cannot be dated with any certainty; but if it be true that the frieze was carved in the fifth century, that is before the great mosque of San Sophia was reared above the roofs of Constantinople, then there is little doubt that the first dominating influence upon Byzantine art originated in the Near East on the rugged plains of Syria and Mesopotamia. Though the architecture of the East influenced Rome, it seems clear to-day that the Byzantine half of the empire returned to an Oriental source for its architectural inspiration, and adopted the new art bred of the fervent piety of the Christian peoples who had never seen Rome, and only through her overlords had felt her influence. The pictures given here, remarkable alike for their artistic and architectural interest, have recently been received from "Sphere" correspondents.

IN THE DESERT PALACE OF M'SHATTA

The magnificently carved door column which forms a part of the famous frieze at M'Shatta, Syria, stated by many archæologists to be the key to the controversy over the original sources of Byzantine art. Now in the Near East Museum in Berlin

"FIFTY NORTH AND FORTY WEST": A liner bound for New York encounters heavy seas on the North Atlantic as her sides dip below the level of the waves. Westward-bound steamers, except for one day after passing the Fastnet Rock, travel the entire distance through the "roarin' forties," perhaps the roughest stretch of ocean in the world



STORM BREAKS OVER THE ATLANTIC: Low-lying clouds sweeping over the vast expanse of the North Atlantic proclaim to the seaman the advent of fierce winds and mountainous seas. Much of the bad weather on this stretch of ocean is occasioned by the clashing of the warm currents of the Gulf Stream with the icy waters drifting southward from the coast of Labrador

WHERE ROCK AND WAVE ONCE BROKE AN ARMADA: A stormy scene on the Scottish coast showing mountainous waves dashing themselves against the shore. Although the height of waves is often exaggerated it is estimated that they reach in feet exactly half the m.p.h. velocity of the gale

"The Roarin' Forties" Of the North Atlantic

By Captain Richard Craven

During the past few weeks there have been many reports of strong westerly gales and dangerous seas encountered by steamers westbound on the North Atlantic shipping routes. The season for these strong "westerlies" is December, January, and February, and at this time every year it is no uncommon sight to see even the giant liners of the North Atlantic limping into New York or Quebec, their upper decks severely battered by constant contact with the waves.

These "westerlies," in fact, are part of an established law; there is nothing new about them, although they may be more violent in some seasons than in others. The sea-surface of the globe is streaked with regular belts of easterly and westerly wind systems, just like a good side of bacon is streaked with fat and lean alternately. These are not confined to the North Atlantic alone, but are general in all the oceans of the world, and incidentally they blow with equal force down in the Southern Ocean.

To obtain a rough idea of these wind systems let us start at the Equator. Here we find an area of light winds and calms accompanied often by heavy rainfall. This area is called the "Doldrums," and for the passenger crossing the line forms the least pleasant part of the voyage. Passing north or south from these doldrums we enter a belt of easterly winds, blowing either from the north-east or south-east according to the hemisphere you are in. These are the trade-winds: a joy to the ocean traveller for the glorious skies which accompany them. Measured north and south this belt measures approximately 1,800 miles. Soon after passing outside the trade-wind area the laws of Nature step in to level matters up, and here is encountered a streak of westerly winds lying between latitudes 40 and 50 degrees known to the seaman as the "Roarin' Forties." Vessels travelling westbound to America travel almost the entire distance through the "forties."

A factor that helps to create so much "dirty weather" on this route is the fight between warm and cold streams. The warm gulf stream, after circling the eastern shores of North America, turns sharply eastwards and passes south of the island of Newfoundland. Meanwhile, down the lengthy coast of Labrador there is a continuous cold, icy current running south (this brings the icebergs down) and in due course these two opposites meet and trouble begins, with gales and unsettled weather as each tries to obtain mastery.

The inconvenience of a storm at sea depends entirely which way a ship may be travelling. If she is driving into a strong head gale, the ship is offering enormous resistance against the elements. The result is a fight between wind and wave and the product of man's handcraft. For example, a modern cargo steamer that carries 10,000 tons of cargo may comprise in all nearly 17,000 tons of dead weight, which is trying to force its way against the heavy seas at the rate of 9 or 10 knots an hour. When it is realized that her progress means forcing aside her own weight in water it is easy to see that there are reasons for her being at war with the elements. Watch her lurching and twisting about, now making a quick downward dive at the bow, and just as quickly rising again as her grand "wedges of buoyancy" take effect and lift her up. Every steel plate, bar, and rod, not forgetting myriads of little rivets all working in sublime unison combating against the stresses and strains engendered during this struggle, she acts like a "thing alive" in her efforts.

If, on the other hand, the ship is homeward bound and running before the gale matters become as different as "chalk and cheese," for she is not offering any resistance to the elements, but running smoothly before them. In the days of sailing ships the captains made every effort to get into the "roarin' forties" away down south, rubbing their hands with glee as they squared her yards and commenced to "run-their-easting-down" in 45 degrees south, a run of 8,000 miles to Australia, to the tune of westerly gales and seas.

To conclude, when you are landing after wrestling with customs and baggage, give the steamer a parting glance of admiration as she lies there moored quietly alongside the wharf. Her every voyage is a battle with the elements. The manner in which she survives it with so little fuss is surely a matter for our admiration.

SKI-ING IN TYROL

International Contests at Innsbruck

DOWN THE SKI-ING LANE: Innsbruck and the surrounding country of Tyrol presented a disappointing appearance for this year's international ski-ing contests, the lower slopes being almost completely devoid of snow

Above—A COMPETITOR PREPARES TO MAKE HIS RUN: Herr Hedlund, the Swedish ski-ing champion, at the international contests at Innsbruck. *Left*—A young Tyrolean spectator watches the sport

WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS: A group of Tyrolean peasants watch with tense excitement as competitors ski down the slopes of the Stuval Valley at express speed. The country round Innsbruck, when the snow is lying in sufficient quantities, provides some of the most perfect ski-ing in Central Europe

PICTURESQUE TYROLEAN PEASANTS WATCH THE CONTESTS

SOUNDING BRASS AND TINKLING CYMBALS: A detail of a Tyrolean peasant band in the national costume of his country entertains the spectators during the trials. The gathering was remarkable for the shortage of snow and for the picturesque dress of the Tyrolean peasants who attended

DEFYING THE TARIFF: A smuggler's car, protected by bullet-proof steel, after being captured by guards on the Dutch-German frontier. The car contained over 500 kilos of contraband

TARIFFS and the SMUGGLER

Shots on the Dutch-German Frontier Where Daring Motor Raiders Profit by High Tariff Walls

By ROY ELSTON

Smuggling on a scale hitherto unknown in Europe has developed during the past two years along the German north-west frontiers. Chicago itself would not be ashamed to own up to some of the exploits of the Dutch and German smuggling gangs, while the efforts of the authorities to cope with these daring raiders resemble conditions of active warfare. The smugglers are heavily armed and desperate. They ride in bullet-proof cars. The contraband is conveyed in heavy, armoured lorries capable of a speed of more than 100 m.p.h., and interference is met with heavy rifle fire. The higher a tariff wall the more powerful the explosives needed to effect a breach. Likewise, the higher a tariff wall the more readily will men be found to effect that breach, or climb the wall, or burrow under it whatever the danger.

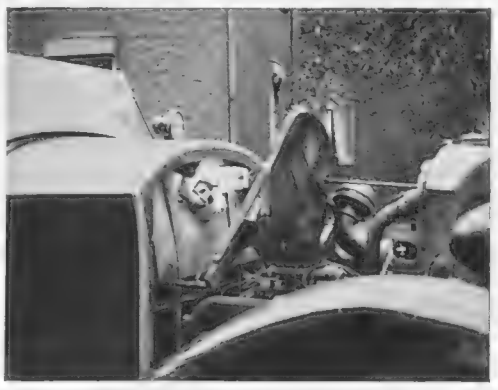
The tariff wall between Germany and Holland is high enough in all conscience. On the Dutch side of the frontier a packet of cigarettes is sold for 1s.; on the other side the same packet costs 3s. 4d. A pound of coffee on the Dutch side will sell for 1s. 4d., and the same coffee on the German side brings 7s. The German Customs duty on flour is equal to two-thirds the value of the flour; on tobacco, 5,000 marks per 100 kilos, or 9,000 marks for the fine-cut smoking tobaccos; 300 marks per 100 kilos coffee; 350 marks for the same amount of tea, and so on. In these circumstances the reward to the smuggler is high. "Reduce the tariffs," say the Dutch, "and serious smuggling will end." "Restore Germany to economic health," say the German officials, "so that there will be fewer desperate unemployed, and men who now turn to smuggling out of sheer necessity to live will go back thankfully to honest labour."

Perhaps both the Dutch and the Germans are right. I should like to ask the opinion of such men as Mijnheer Schomer, a Dutchman from Venlo, who is said to have smuggled millions of marks' worth of contraband from Holland into Germany. His last ride to Düsseldorf should be a classic in the literature of smuggling. The Customs officials knew Schomer and his blue, armoured Pagett well; but he had always proved too clever, and his car too fast for them in spite of their elaborate efforts, assisted by Schupos and Reichswehr units, to trap him. *Landesfinanzamtsdirektor* Düsing, who sits in his gloomy, map-hung halls at Düsseldorf, planning the State's offensive against the evil-doers of the frontier, sent out word that Schomer must be captured at all costs, and one of his lieutenants, Schneider, who already had the great king of smugglers, Frits Szymanski, to his credit, gritted his excellent teeth and examined his revolver.

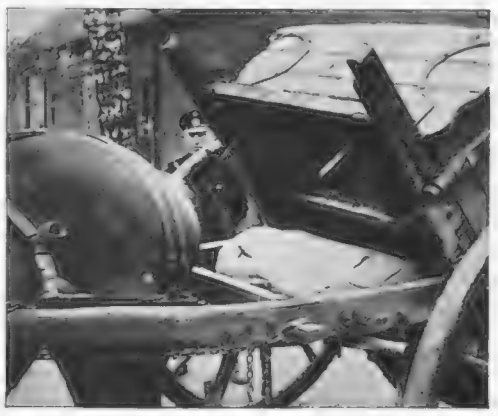
Sure enough the signal came. The big, blue 12-cylinder, bullet-proof Pagett had broken with terrific speed through the frontier, in spite of being heavily fired on, and was heading south. Schneider and his men quickly secured a fast police car and lay in wait. "We were lucky," said Schneider. "We had waited only about ten minutes when the Pagett came in sight." A barricade was set up, but the smuggler dashed through it at more than a 100 m.p.h., the driver bending low over the wheel and his companion answering with revolver shots, the rifle fire of the Customs men. Then began a terrific race, with the noise of the powerful engines supplemented by the shrieking of the police-car's siren and the rattle of gun-fire. At length Schomer so manœuvred his car that he brought the pursuers into a head-on collision with a lorry coming in the opposite direction. The survivors of the police car then commandeered a passing private car and continued the chase; but when they realized how reckless was the fugitive, who made the pace such that every living thing on the roads was in danger, they reluctantly gave up.

Schomer got safely to Düsseldorf, and was congratulating himself on the success of his tremendous ride when the obstinate Schneider, who had visited a hundred garages in the city suddenly decided to poke his nose into a most unlikely looking shed in a quiet part of Düsseldorf. And there, to his delight, was the blue-armoured Pagett, its bullet-proof casing dented in a thousand places, and its stock of contraband, valued at 100,000 marks, still intact. It was a sad end to the reckless smuggler's ride. "The maddest ride," said Schomer, "that I have ever had in my life." "And your last ride," said the judge, drily.

The authorities are very proud of Schomer's capture, especially following so soon after Szymanski's. The latter has given his attention not only to ordinary merchandize, but had been smuggling great quantities of arms and ammunition over the frontier. This disclosure gave rise to suggestions that some of these smugglers are in direct connection with



THE INGENUITY OF THE SMUGGLER: Contraband tobacco, concealed in the petrol tank of a car, which failed to survive the meticulous search of the frontier guards



ANOTHER METHOD: Smuggled goods concealed between the shafts of a farm cart

subterranean and other political organizations of Germany; but the police assert that Szymanski was sheer smuggler and nothing else. It is disquieting, nevertheless, to see with what comparative ease great quantities of weapons are taken over the frontier. One is not completely reassured by the statement of the authorities that, "at any rate, we have captured the smuggling kings." *The King is dead! Long live the King!* Still, it is true that the German Government, exasperated by the proportions to which smuggling has grown, has launched a very serious and skilful offensive. The warfare on the frontier has become decidedly active, and many of the frontier guards are being chosen for their marksmanship. They need to be, for the smugglers carry arms with the object of using them, and do so at the least provocation. One of their bullets even got the valiant Schneider in the leg.

The number of frontier guards has had to be increased many times beyond the normal figure. Two years ago, along the Düsseldorf line the number of guards was raised to 500 men, or double the normal. Then it was increased to 700 men, and recently the number has been augmented by another 300.

Thus there are six men for every kilometre of the frontier. The entire force, armed and supplied with fast motor vehicles, is disposed in three lines. The first line is direct at the frontier. If one of the smuggler's armoured cars gets past this line, a signal is at once conveyed to the second line. Here barricades are erected and an ambush set. If, in spite of these precautions, the smuggler still gets through, the third and strongest line is signalled, and a force, made up of ordinary frontier guards and Reichswehr soldiers, their trigger fingers twitching, and their powerful cars tuned up, is spread along all likely roads. If the smuggler gets through this — well, then he deserves his success!

The frontier guards have also been greatly strengthened over the areas controlled from Aachen, Münster, and Cologne, and the daily report of dramatic captures, which almost invariably involve bloody fighting and a thrilling motor race, with the smuggler in a bullet-proof car, suggests that the tactics of the German authorities are meeting with a fair amount of success. But even now an enormous quantity of contraband gets over the line. "We reckon that of the total contraband that gets across the frontier something like one-fifth is confiscated." Sixty thousand kilos of coffee were confiscated in 1932 in the Düsseldorf area; thus, we may assume that over 200,000 kilos went undetected. Here are the confiscation figures for one month in the relatively small area of Aachen: 8,360 kilos of coffee; 182 kilos cocoa and chocolate; 1,130 kilos tobacco; 478,500 cigarettes; 14,510 kilos sugar; 2,300 kilos wheat; 1,200 kilos flour; 4,400 kilos bread; and twenty motor cars.

I have only referred to smuggling "in a big way" —to the daring spirits whose tactics are equal to those practised in Chicago and Hollywood, and who write, each day, an Edgar Wallace chapter in the records of the German Customs. Besides these adventurers, who, if they were not engaged in smuggling would be up to something equally desperate in which profits balanced risk, are hundreds of small men content to earn a few pounds at a time in the shadow of the tariff wall. Perhaps these are the men *Finanzamtsdirektor* Düser has in mind when he lays the blame for the increase in smuggling on the terrible circumstances of the unemployed in such industrial areas, close to the frontier, as Duisburg, Essen, Düsseldorf, and Cologne. These small men have to depend on cunning instead of upon the force and brutality of armoured cars and revolvers. An example of their methods was discovered the other day at the frontier town of Hassum, where a little brook, the Kendel, streams swiftly over the frontier into Germany, passing beside the castle of Terpoorten.

Smugglers on the Dutch side were in the habit of filling zinc tubs with contraband, and placing the filled tubs in the little brook. These unusual vessels, with their illegal freight, sank until they were almost out of sight and were carried thus, without assistance from the banks, over the frontier into Germany where confederates awaited them. In this way, the smugglers ran hardly any risk, and the Customs officials close by saw no reason to suspect the quiet brook. But one of their number chanced to take a walk along the castle walls, on the bank of the stream, and, to his surprise, noticed five of these zinc tubs floating merrily over the frontier. He fished them out one by one and recovered 300 pounds of contraband. Such methods, it seems to me, are more deserving of respect than the shock tactics employed by the armed gangsters who hold life and law in equal contempt.

REVENUE OFFICERS MAKE A SUCCESSFUL HAUL: A high-powered, bullet-proof, motor van captured on the north-west frontier of Germany with a substantial load of merchandise. It is estimated that the revenue officers regain for the State nearly one-fifth of the goods smuggled over the border

NEW WAYS to the PYRAMIDS and VENICE

NEW TRAMCAR ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS: The scene outside the Mena House Hotel at Luxor, Egypt, where a new road to the Pyramids at Gizeh has been under construction in readiness for the visit of the King of Italy. The road has been widened and is to be lit by electricity

BRIDGE BUILDING IN EGYPT: The partially completed bridge over the Nile, seen from the east side, which will in future be used by tourists visiting the Pyramids from Cairo. Only the pillars of the first span had been put in place when this picture was taken

ANOTHER LAND CONNECTION WITH VENICE: The new road to Venice, another product of the useful public works programme of the Italian Government. This road, which is now finished, runs parallel with the railway from Mestre to Venice. It was completed with characteristic Fascist despatch in less than two years, is four kilometres long, and includes in all 225 spans. On the Venice side a garage and car park have been built where ample accommodation for over 2,000 cars is provided for incoming traffic on the new route

SLUMS: Their Making and Unmaking

How the Personal Problem of Housing the People is Being Approached by Private and Municipal Enterprise

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN A BERMONDSEY BLIND ALLEY: Children at play in front of the little two-storey houses of a past century. These byways are safe playgrounds nowadays

One of the most important Bills ever promulgated is now before the House of Commons. It will directly affect the lives and happiness of literally millions of Londoners. I refer, of course, to the new Housing Bill. For the first time since the War the cheapness of labour and money is making it possible for commercial builders to erect houses economically for the artisan classes without a direct subsidy. The object of the Bill is to enable building societies who have a glut of money to lend it at a low rate of interest to commercial companies and builders who are ready to put up houses tor the artisan classes and, what is more, to lend a greater proportion of the total cost than is usual. This is to be made possible by the Government and the local authorities guaranteeing the difference.

How many inhabitants of London alone may this affect? Well, according to the official survey of the eastern area of London, which covers seventeen boroughs like Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Deptford, and Hackney, about 176,000 people are living more than three persons to one room, which is actually 2 per cent. more than was the case in 1921, the total number of inhabitants in the same area amounting to nearly 2,500,000.

When you have digested that, you read that in a door-to-door census of 12,000 houses in that area barely half the tenants are paying over 10s. a week in rent, and less than 4 per cent. are paying more than £1 a week. You next discover that in the survey of the twenty-nine metropolitan boroughs, together with nine others like Acton, Willesden, and Barking, there is a population of 5,500,000. And of these, 2,750,000 are living more than one person per room—and I don't mean per bedroom.

Now meet Mr. Claude Leigh, whose companies are probably the largest owners, by private enterprise, of artisan property in the United Kingdom. He has branch offices all over the metropolis. He has 10,000 tenants living in eighteen separately managed estates in the metropolitan area. He is a pioneer of reconditioning on a commercial basis and has been applying his methods consistently over a wide area during the last four or five years. Mr. Leigh, in fact, knows what he is talking about.

"Great Britain is manufacturing slums just as fast as she is pulling them down," he said. "I can explain this quite simply. As you know, the Rent Restriction Acts were passed originally to prevent profiteering in working-class houses under war-time conditions. They affect all property in the working-class category. The Rent Restriction Acts permit a landlord a maximum increase of 40 per cent. on the *net* rents charged in 1914. This was calculated to enable him to keep the property in repair.

"By reason, however, of the increases in price of every commodity since 1915 it has become very difficult for landlords to do this properly, and the most a landlord can afford to do to a controlled house is to keep it wind and water proof. Sanitary notices have, of course, to be complied with, but there is no money left for decoration or for the replacement of obsolete fittings with modern types. To make matters worse, the tenants almost invariably sub-let, and despite restrictive legislation it is extremely difficult to control the sub-rents which are charged. In most cases the tenants have profiteered grossly and have sub-let part of the accommodation they rent to some other family with several children. Thus it frequently occurs that the tenement is being occupied by double the number intended, and the landlord being the person responsible for keeping the tenement in repair not only finds the increase permitted by the Rent Acts insufficient, but is also called upon to do additional repairs necessitated by the additional tenants over whom he has no control.

"There are cases where the tenants profiteer so much that they are living rent free. This happens in particular where the tenant lets so-called 'furnished' rooms. He puts down some old linoleum and a couple of chairs, and charges as much as £1 a week for a furnished apartment. Sometimes, by this means, a tenant "sitting" at 10s. a week may extract twice this sum from his wretched lodgers for only half the house. It is the poor, and not the rich, who profiteer against the very poor. And that is one of the main ways in which slums develop.

"It is very hard," Mr. Leigh continued, "to define a slum in the same way that it is difficult to define a badly-dressed man. It may be his suit or his shirt or his shoes which are awry. All one can say is that a slum is a building in which the tenants live under insanitary conditions. It is not necessarily the structure itself which is insanitary. Often it was attractively designed in the first instance, but a house in which six people can live comfortably becomes a slum almost automatically if sixteen people live in it. Some of the worst slums in London are in the Royal Borough of Kensington, and there are in that neighbourhood many large, well-designed Victorian houses with more than one family on each floor and even the basements are occupied. On those main roads leading out of London on the south side there are many buildings quite imposing on the outside, but inside the conditions can be deplorable, so overcrowded are they. If you tour the poorer parts of London things do not appear half as bad as you are led to believe. This is because you see only the outside, which must be in good order owing to the district surveyor. But inside!

"I know of a case in the Commercial Road where a goat was kept in a first floor bedroom. It was bedded down with straw and its owner told my friend it was a 'nice clean goat.' It was probably no less clean than the woman and children who slept nightly in the same room! In Stepney Causeway there was an Irishman who died the other day. For ten years he and a pig lived in a room on the top floor, and neither of them ever went out. You can imagine what the place looked like.

"What is the difference between a tenement and a slum? Well, the terms are in no way synonymous. A tenement is simply a flat, good or bad, as opposed to a whole dwelling-house. The tenements of the mid-nineteenth century are old and insanitary, and the word possesses unpleasant associations in consequence. On the other hand, many tenement blocks of recent erection possess every modern amenity. I have already described a slum.

"It is all very well to build new blocks of flats for the people who live in slums, or to recondition existing houses, but it is totally useless unless you appreciate the psychology of the tenant. It is safe to say that many of the new buildings erected in the last year or two will be slums within twenty years. Many of them have not even been provided with rubbish chutes. So tenants on the fifth and sixth storeys are expected to carry their garbage cans all the way down to the yard. This they will never do unless they are watched, and the yards will soon be in a frightful state.

"No, despite the limiting of the number of people who are allowed to live in the new buildings, we are continuing to manufacture slums until the tenants are taught to be house proud. It is still not infrequent to find a tenant using his bath as a coal cellar, and treating the rest of his home in the same sloppy, dirty manner. It is surprising that the municipal authorities have not found out that, quite apart from philanthropic considerations, it pays to educate the tenant socially. If this is done the dilapidations automatically decrease, as I know from personal experience.

"No housing scheme can be successful unless the management is sound. Good management involves much more than the collection of rents. It involves the provision of social services whereby the tenants are educated to demand and appreciate better conditions. What is the use of taking tenants from slums and putting them into so-called palaces without teaching them how to use the amenities? It is merely creating future slums.

"Take our own tenants. Besides reconditioning their houses I try to teach them how to live in them. My social services cost a good deal of money, but it is worth it. At our social centres they are taught how to cook and to sew. We get leading doctors to come down and give lectures on hygiene. We have our own clinics where mothers are advised how to keep their babies healthy. We give them cod liver oil. We run milk campaigns and debating societies and boy scouts.

"As for 'reconditioning' their homes—this involves the introduction of baths, sinks, ventilated larders, separate water-closets for each tenant, tiled hearths, and so on.

"To return to the new housing policy," Mr. Leigh continued, "all I can say is that rebuilding must go hand in hand with reconditioning and with good management. By investment in and by reconditioning houses of the higher artisan class, it is possible to earn good dividends. My principal company has earned 12 per cent. during the last few years. I agree that the same principles applied to the house of the 8s. per week rentpayer will not show the same return. Nor can you build for the 8s. man and show a profit. But if the profits of the first can be applied to the losses on the second, and thus given a sufficiently large area, a solution may be found to our problems on an economic basis.

"Above all things, whether in reconditioning or in building, our problems are only going to be solved by a formula which is economic and which is not dependent upon philanthropy."

LEIGH CLAUDE M, Real Estate,

16 Hanover sq W.1	★MAYfair	5454
(Personal), 16 Hanover sq W.1	MAYfair	5585
(Albany Estate), 2A The Albany SE5	RELiance	2128
(Coldharbour Do.), 147 Cldhrbr la SE5	BRIxton	0290
(Newington Do.), 39 Dante rd S.E.11	RELiance	2128
(Sands End Do.), 2 Hazlebury rd SW6	FULham	5631
(Hanwell Do.), 2 Framfield rd W.7	EALing	5338
(Clarence Do.), 156 Clarence rd NW1	GULliver	3589
(Poplar Do.), 56 Oban st E.14	EASt	6081
(Islington Do.), 24 Charlton pl N.1	CLErknwl	9071
(New Cross Do.), 17A Clifton hl SE14	NEW X.	3066
(Manor Do.), 100 Penton pl S.E.17	RODney	2702
(Brandon Do.), 45 Deacon st S.E.17	RODney	2537
(Eastern Do.), 112 Clifton rd E.16	ALBrt Dk	1200
(Hendon Do.), 62 Borthwickrd NW9	HENdon	1013
(Dartford Do.), 21 Burnham rd	Dartford	500
(Social Centre), 395 Albany rd S.E.5.	RODney	2525
(Social Centre), 2 Hazlebury rd SW6	FULham	1013
Knightsbridge ct S.W.1	8LOane	6005

THE LEIGH ARTISAN PROPERTIES: An extract from the London Telephone Directory showing the number of estates converted by Mr. Claude Leigh into habitable working-class dwellings

12s. 6d. A WEEK on the Westminster Estate

A HOME IN WESTMINSTER: The comfortable living-room of one of the new four-roomed flats in "Princess Mary" House, Millbank. The architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, has made every effort to provide the maximum degree of comfort consonant with the money at the disposal of the Council, and although rents in the smaller flats are sometimes as low as 5s. 6d. a week he has seen to it that each has an adequate amount of window space, and that the conditions are as far removed from those formerly prevailing as possible. *Left*—Tenants in the doorway of a flat in "Princess Mary" House

BEDROOM IN A FOUR-ROOMED FLAT: Tenants, some whom had formerly lived in the basements of Millbank, must have been agreeably surprised at the lightness and the height of these bedrooms, which Sir Edwin Lutyens has designed to give a remarkable impression of space and airiness. This bedroom is in one of the 35 flats of "Princess Mary" House which faces one of the roads leading to the riverside at Millbank

Special "Sphere" pictures

MODERN EQUIPMENT IN THE KITCHEN: This room in "Princess Mary" House, combines the functions of kitchen, scullery, and bathroom. Up-to-date fittings are, of course, provided throughout, and great pains have been taken to arrange the equipment in such a manner that the housewife can carry on her duties with the minimum of effort. The flap above the bath can be lowered and forms a table over the bath. Prices for flats vary from 5s. 6d. to 16s. a week

RE-HOUSING IN WEST

CHANGING WESTMINSTER

The monumental archway of Thames House contrasted against the now empty nineteenth century houses of Page Street, Millbank

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH: The back view of Thames House and the Imperial Millbank. In the foreground is the children's recreation park, and behind it can

"CHESS BOARD HOUSE": This is Page Street, Millbank, to-day. The block of residential flats on the left is already occupied

A STUDY IN CONTENT ON WESTMINSTER ESTATE

Happy children on the Westminster estate at Millbank enjoy the children's section of their morning paper. The health of these children seems to be very good, although brought up among bricks and mortar

PENNIES TO SPEND

MINSTER : How a London Borough is Housing its People

Chemical Building, the commanding structures which now outline Thames side, be seen the houses of old Westminster which are fast disappearing

THE SPECIAL SHOP built in Millbank for the use of the new tenants. This is one of the many well-considered innovations Sir Edwin Lutyens has incorporated in his scheme

SUNSHINE GALLERY

Healthy children enjoy the sunshine on the balcony of one of Westminster's new and up-to-date flats

An animated scene outside the special shop designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

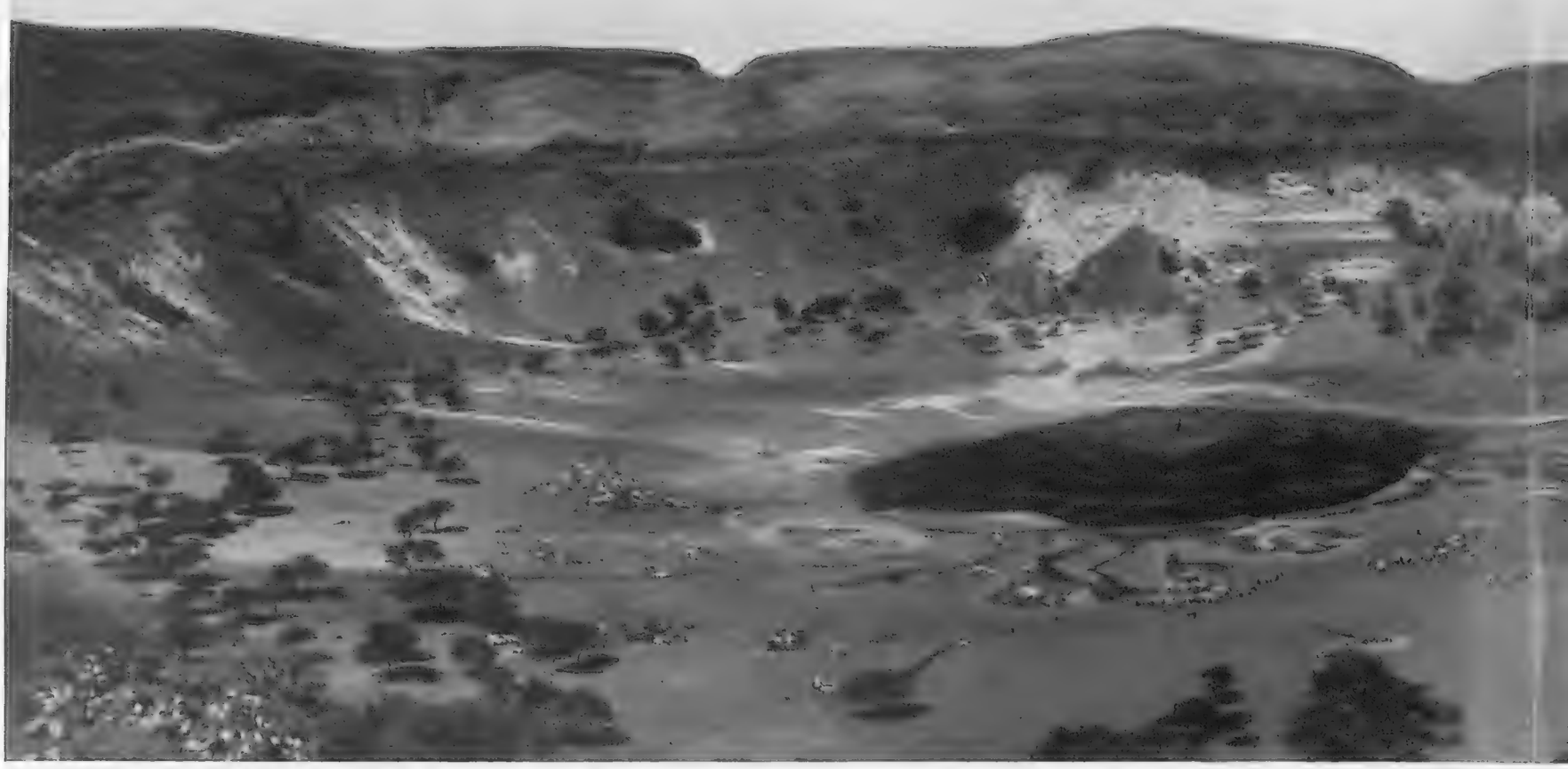
The serious floods of a few years ago have resulted in the clearance, by an enlightened Westminster Council, of the slums of Millbank. At the moment there are 520 flats occupied, and a further block of 141 flats is rapidly nearing completion. The "Princess Mary" House, one of the first to be opened, is occupied almost entirely by those who suffered in the floods. No rise of the river to-day could endanger or trap any of the occupants of these scientifically constructed buildings, as the total absence of basements precludes such a possibility, thanks to the design of the architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens

Special "Sphere" Pictures

STURDY CHILDREN OF A NEW HOUSING REGIME

The health and spirits of these riverside children are very evident on certain occasions; the visit of the vendor of children's coloured "comics" brings them buzzing round him as if he were some Pied Piper of Hamelin

THROUGH THE LIBYAN DESERT—



THE GREAT CRATER OF MALHA IN THE SOUTH LIBYAN DESERT: The northbound track of the second Bagnold expedition through the Libyan Desert took them to the edg fed by several springs. It is in the country of the Meidobs—an isolated race who live in these hills and speak a language of their own. Some of their camels and cattle can The tribesmen make a long journey to Khartoum, where they sell their desert produce

TYPICAL SCENERY ENCOUNTERED BY THE SECOND BAGNOLD EXPEDITION: The Libyan Desert is not all swelling sand dunes, though it contains some of the mightiest in Afr This view is taken from a rising sand slope looking back at the flat, stony plain, with low hills in the distance. Palm trees dot the landscape and desert scrub pushes its way from the stony soil. The flattest desert lay between Jebel Kissu and the Selima Oasis

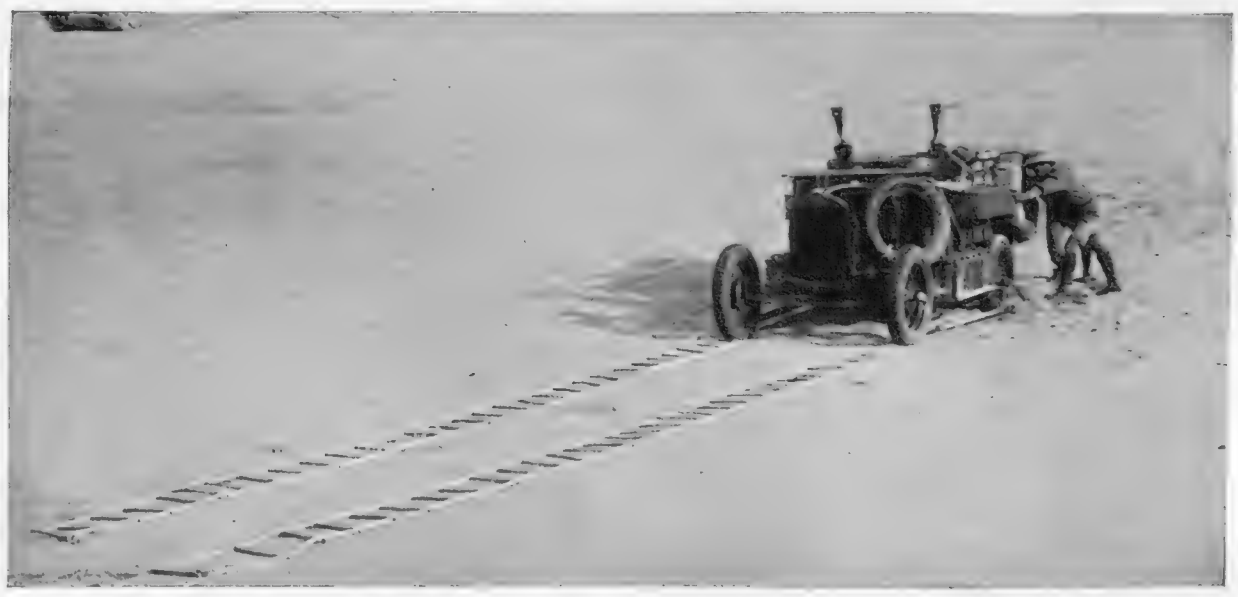
...—THE GREAT MALHA CRATER

the edge of this old crater which contains a pool
ttle can be seen grazing round the crater pool.

st in Africa.
its way up

To complete the picture of the Libyan Desert as a whole a second motor car exhibition into the desert was organized recently by Major R. A. Bagnold, and the outstanding features of their discoveries have recently been made known. The expedition, which consisted of four cars (Fords stripped of every unnecessary ounce of dispensable metal), crossed the desert of stone and sand dune in the direction of Jebel Uweinat, a rocky mass which rises up suddenly to a height of 5,000 feet. On this occasion the top of the mountain was reached by some members of the expedition after an arduous climb during which they encountered a forest of vertical sandstone pillars 50 to 100 ft. high, and so close together that it was only just possible to squeeze through them. From Jebel Uweinat the expedition penetrated further west than on the previous occasion, reaching Sarra Well, and getting within view of the mountains of Tebesti. Southwards the expedition journeyed to Kuttum and it was on the return journey from this district, which lies roughly in the latitude of Khartum, that the great crater of Malha was reached. As they approached the lava edges of this depression, sounds seemed to come from the ground. They were the mingled voices of spear-armed natives and the sounds of their flocks of camels and sheep. On the way to Sarra Well the expedition followed the tracks made by the caterpillar cars of the late Prince Kemel el Din. Although in some cases these tracks had been covered by loose blown sand, the more firmly-packed condition of the sand below the surface could be detected by feel. On more rocky soil the tracks were still clearly visible after six years. Great waterless stretches were encountered, but occasionally a water hole would be found at the foot of a line of low cliffs. At Tekro, a little uninhabited oasis in the French territory, the water smelt very unpleasant, but after motoring through the desiccating climate one drinks at any water hole. It is rather astonishing to find that Major Bagnold declares that no desert water appears to do one any harm. The expedition also visited the Wadi Hawa, a sand-free ribbon, some six miles wide, with a flat, smooth bed, with no indications of water, but which was yet decorated with park-like trees in the shade of which game sheltered. The burrs of heskanit grass were very troublesome

THE BASTION-LIKE CLIFFS OF UWEINAT: These cliffs were again visited by the Bagnold motor car expedition into the Libyan Desert. They come as a relief to the eye after travelling over the flat, stony areas of the desert. They rise sheer up to 2,000 ft. above the surrounding country. Uweinat's highest point reaches to between 4,000 and 5,000 ft.



ONE METHOD OF NEGOTIATING LOOSE SAND IN THE LIBYAN DESERT: At various times one encounters specially loose patches of sand; the driving wheels churn round, but the car does not move forward. These rope ladders laid on the sand provide a track. Other travellers have carried rolls of galvanized iron wire

INTO PRIMITIVE

By Lady Drummond-Hay

AUTHOR AND PILOT: Lady Drummond-Hay and her pilot waiting on the landing raft while their Amphibian 'plane is refuelled

From Shanghai, "Paris of the East," cosmopolitan centre of commerce, traffic, luxury, and night-life, to primitive Chungking, hive-like metropolis in the medieval atmosphere and setting of Western China, not far from mysterious Tibet, in less than two days. That has been my latest flying excursion into little-known parts of the earth.

The China that we hear of, about which we read so much in the newspapers these days, is the China of the big cities on the coast, the China of foreigners, of tourists and residents, the Chinese life with many years of foreign influence upon it. I wanted to see Western China, the real China, where life goes on to-day as it did centuries ago. By steamer to Chungking on the Upper Yangtse, 1,427 miles from Shanghai, takes two or three weeks, according to water-level. Chinese junks, at the mercy of the rushing river and many rapids, can take a whole month to negotiate the last 350 miles alone, laboriously hauled yard by yard by hundreds of straining trackers, reminiscent of galley-slaves.

I had not the necessary six or eight weeks at my disposal for a round trip by steamer, and yet I wanted to see Western China, especially the famous, but comparatively little-known Yangtse gorges, where the river cuts through the mountain range with gigantic walls on either side, just as if it had been tunnelled. I decided to fly, which I do wherever I can. I had left my own 'plane in England. It is even more difficult to get permission to fly your own 'plane in China than it is in Russia. The Government seems to fear that some war lord will commandeer it and then use it against the Government as a bomber! So I went in one of the 'planes of the newly opened China National Airways Line, an American-Chinese concern with American pilots. I decided to fly through to Chungking, then back from Chungking through the magnificent gorges by steamer to Ichang, and from there to fly again to Shanghai. In that way I would see the gorges from the air and from the river. Both of them proved to be memorable experiences. On the return, however, I left the 'plane at Nanking and travelled by night-boat to Shanghai. Edda Mussolini had the cabin next to mine, and at dinner we chatted about her famous father, and the possibility of being pirated, which the captain of the ship, sitting between us, declared was quite likely.

The aeroplane in which I left Shanghai was an amphibian. It could land on land or water. A real "Magic Carpet," it bore me over hundreds of miles of country through which runs neither road nor railways and where, aside from river-craft—steamers, junks, or sampans—transportation is only by sedan chair or wheelbarrow.

The broad Yangtse, rising 3,200 miles away in the mountains of Central Asia, sluggish and calm in some stretches, turbulent and boisterous in others, accepts its ever-increasing burden of humanity and merchandise with sullen patience or dangerous resentment. The Chinese estimate that more than 1,000 boatmen are drowned every year in the 350-mile span of the upper river between Ichang and Chungking. I myself saw some of these "floaters" as the drifting corpses are called. Bundles of blue cotton, bobbing about on the water, swirling in the rapids, hurled against rocks, or slipping gently down towards the great ocean.

Broken rain clouds, as we took off from the Whangpoo River at Shanghai at eight in the morning. For nearly two hours we flew over flooded rice fields, water-ways, lakes, canals, and irrigation. *Terra firma* was expressed in small islands, jutting up out of the water, crowded with clusters of little thatched-roof houses, and densely populated. I had often wondered why the Chinese had not yet built roads between Shanghai and the new capital, Nanking. The answer lay below me. Road-building would involve endless bridges and trestles, seeing that the whole area is a network of waterways and often flooded.

Over the edge of Soochow, picturesque old city, cradle of the most beautiful sing-song girls; pirate-infested Lake Tai Hu, vistas of green hills and white pagodas, villages, and the strange patterns made by submerged cultivation, as viewed from the air—a China I had never imagined when I had made my previous trips to Nanking by steamer. Over Nanking, with its wall 32 miles in length, 30 to 50 ft. high. There were some thirty-eight foreign warships on the 1,300 miles of the great river between Nanking and Chungking when I flew up.

Twenty-five minutes' stop at Nanking to take on petrol and mail, and we were off again, over flooded rice-paddies, under blue skies and Eastern sun. On an acre or so of ground you may see half-a-dozen graves, mounds sometimes surrounded by trees. As we flew between Nanking and Wu Wei-chow, at a height of 800 to 1,000 feet, the innumerable graves gave the earth the impression of having been stamped with giant seals of death, here there and everywhere. The Yangtse was broad and tranquil, its yellow waters surging turgidly towards the sea. Some flat, muddy islands broke its unruffled surface. The banks were river-level and the country, as far as the eye could sweep the vast horizon, under water for the most part. Communication between the little communities, herded together on tufts of higher land, was by means of sampans. They were obviously living in complete isolation from the outside world, and to judge from the sodden condition of their Robinson Crusoe-like domains, they must have been drier in their sampans than in their homes.

THROUGH SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CHINA: The course of Lady Drummond-Hay's flight up the Yangtse, showing the principal cities through which she passed on her journey to Chungking

THE FLOODED LOWLANDS OF THE YANGTSE: An aerial view taken through the "safety glass" of the Amphibian during Lady Drummond-Hay's flight up the river. The floods are often so severe that villages remain isolated for long periods at a time

One hour from Nanking exchanged the view of flooded country for that of green cultivation, through which small rivers and water-ways meandered their well-defined paths. Half-an-hour later yet, the Yangtse banks rose as hills on both sides, green, wooded, and welcome as a picturesque contrast to the former flat scenery.

We landed on the river beside a raft at Anking at 12.35. The river bank was crowded with Chinese in coolie-blue clothes, who exhibited the most lively interest in the proceedings of taking aboard petrol, oil, and an emaciated mail sack. I never ceased to marvel at the manner in which the pilot manœuvred his heavy aircraft, throttle full open, between junks and sampans, on the long take-off runs which she made before rising from the water.

As we circled the town, gaining greater radius of vision with every ten foot climb of the rising aircraft, it looked to me as if not one square yard had been left uncultivated. A little later, I saw a herd of cattle on a river island, the first cattle I had seen. Many more little islands flashed into view, shaped and indented by the tides, lying like jade-green leaves on the yellow water. Lakes to the south-west, guarded by hills, then the Kuling Mountains, a favourite summer resort for foreign residents in Kiukiang, and those in Shanghai who care to make the journey from the coast.

Kiukiang, which we circled before landing, looks to be a remarkably modern town. It is alleged to be the hottest port on the Yangtse, and is an old Treaty Port, having been opened under the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1858, in 1861. On closer view, however, I realized

CHINA BY AIR—I

Being the First Part of a Flight of 1,400 Miles to Chungking, Medieval Capital of Western China, Over the Great Yangtse River and the New Independent Soviet Republic of Kienli

A RIVER SCENE TAKEN WHEN FLYING AT 90 M.P.H.: The harlequin colours of this terraced ground when seen from above present a most unusual appearance. Scenery such as this is typical of the eastern stretches of the Yangtse

that this formerly well-kept Concession has fallen into a state of dilapidation and disrepair since the rendition of the Concession by the British to the Chinese in 1927. The looting and damage done in that year, occupation by Chinese troops, Communist havoc and wholesale neglect on the part of the Chinese, are quickly undoing the work of the British pioneers.

As before, the Amphibian landed on the river, and taxied up to a raft on which the fuel supplies and mail were waiting. The many landings offered tremendous interest, but no conveniences to anyone flying the route. What food or drink you are likely to require, from eight in the morning till tea-time at Hankow, you have to bring along. And the only variation to sitting in the aeroplane is to clamber out on to the floating raft, smoke a cigarette, and crawl back again. I was told that I was the first woman to make the Shanghai-Chungking flight.

We had a particularly long run on the river here before the 'plane got up enough speed to rise airborne. In consequence, the water got in, and worked havoc with the personal belongings of a Chinese General hastening from one point to another. His wardrobe, contained in a large sheet neatly folded envelope-wise, was soaked through. I must say that previously I had really never given any thought as to what a Chinese gentleman demanded of his "complete outfitter," and here it was soon displayed in all its damp magnificence. He wiped, dabbed, patted and pulled silken trousers, vests, coats, and less gorgeous what-nots, taking courage and refreshment at intervals from the contents of various food-boxes.

For the next half an hour or so, the scene within the aeroplane intrigued me far more than the scenery without, until the sight of terraced ground below caught my eye. Variegated as mosaic, the half-moon shaped terraces, seen from the air, borrowed all colours, glinting in the sun. Red earth, gradations of green vegetation, water sparkling yellow, green, blue, grey or red, according to the colour of the earth it covered to a depth of a few inches; pinks, fawns,

ON CHINA'S COMMERCIAL WATERWAY: A picturesque scene on the Yangtse river, showing a Chinese junk, laden with cargo, negotiating the broad bosom of the stream

browns, and blacks of tilled soil. The terraced hills around gleamed iridescent. I was flying over a harlequin world.

Some time before we reached Hankow, the Yangtse assumed unwonted animation. Hundreds of junks, sampans, and many steamers crowded the river. Inland from the banks, the familiar landscape of lakes and waterways, with the addition of an unusual number of footpaths veining the land, and giving it the appearance of a colossal sere leaf.

Thousands of coolies could be seen working on the flood dykes.

Hankow at 3.15. Sir Meyrick and Lady Hewlett had invited me to stay with them at the British Consulate-General, and Sir Meyrick was down at the water's edge to meet me. As soon as I had enjoyed a wash, and much-needed tea, Sir Meyrick drove me all round Hankow, delighting me with his conversation and knowledge of China, the language, and the people. He had equally impressed me in Nanking some years previously.

We drove to the club, and there I had a long talk with the Italian Consul Zappi, connected with the Nobile airship expedition to the North Pole. We had much common interest in airships, and Zappi was eager to hear about my pioneer flights in the *Graf Zeppelin*.

After dinner, Lady Hewlett showed me books and photographs of the famous Yangtse gorges, which I would see on the morrow's flight. My host and hostess kept me so entranced with their descriptions of the gorges, Yangtse history, and legends of the "Golden River," as the Yangtse is called by the Chinese from its deep yellow colour, and of the Communist National Government set up in Hankow in 1926 under the tutelage of Moscow represented by Borodin, and General Gallen now known as General Blücher, that I could have listened all night. But Lady Hewlett made me go to bed, as I had to be up early in the morning.

Sir Meyrick took me to the 'plane on the river at 7.30 next morning, kindly providing me with lettuce sandwiches and cake for the flight.

I met my new pilot, Charles Sloane Vaughn, formerly of the American Air Force, and now the "Flyer of the Yangtse Gorges." It startled me somewhat when I saw that he had a belt filled with cartridges around his waist, and a heavy automatic revolver on his hip. Except in Russia, he was the first commercial pilot I had seen so equipped.

By the river, which, beginning at Hankow, dips far to the south, the distance to Ichang is about 370 miles. We would fly almost directly across country, meeting the Yangtse again at Shasi, and thus save nearly 200 miles, he explained. But in so doing, he pointed out that we would fly over the whole breadth of the famous "Red Area," which calls itself the "Independent Kienli Soviet Republic." The President is General Ho Lung, trained in Moscow, and Ho Lung's sister, graduate of Wellesley College, U.S.A., commanded three Red divisions. Pillaging boats on the Yangtse, and kidnapping foreigners or rich Chinese for ransom, were some of the sources of revenue for the Kienli Soviet Treasury. Ho Lung was then holding two Americans for ransom, and Pilot Vaughn said that should we have a forced landing in Ho Lung's territory he might have to use that big automatic.

Hankow, 595 miles from Shanghai, is the last semi-modern city westward in China. There are large French and Japanese Concessions, guarded by the gunboats and military guards of their nationals. Britain surrendered our Concession under pressure of the Communists in 1927. The Japanese dug themselves in, and held theirs. They are still holding it.

Hankow is just about the end of Western civilization in China. One might call it the "jumping off" place. For you will have to travel 2,000 miles westward and north-west before you will again see a railway. Beyond Hankow is China's "Wild West."

The "Flyer of the Yangtse Gorges" opened the throttle full, and we dashed up the river into the wind between sampans and junks. I marvelled how he dodged the river-craft, and then pulled her up steeply over obstructing masts. The clumsy amphibian was loath to leave the water, and raised a cloud of spray for 65 seconds before she lifted. As we rose I had a view of the vast flooded area, much of it still under water from the catastrophic floods which had affected directly and indirectly over 30,000,000 people.

Following the Han river instead of the Yangtse, we crossed the "Red Front" about thirty miles from Hankow, and were now over Ho Lung's Soviet Republic, one of six or seven such Communist republics in China. Ho Lung and the National Government were at war, but although we flew over numerous Red villages we were not shot at.

Communism in China, as elsewhere, is an economic, not a political or military question. Recent despatches reported that Chiang Kai-shek's entire 51st Division, including the commanding general, went over to the Reds.

We struck the Yangtse again at Shasi, a typical Yangtse river town, and now, following the Yellow River again, we landed at Ichang, "Gateway to the Gorges," less than an hour later.

I was invited on board the American gunboat *Oahu* for some "tiffin" (lunch) while Mr. Vaughn was refuelling the amphibian. Flying in China opens up vistas of territory which otherwise, due to lack of roads and communications, would have remained as unknown and mysterious for the next 100 years as they have been for the past forty centuries.

(To be continued next week)

IN THE HILL COUNTRY: Where the Yangtse river winds between the gorges. During the passage of time the great river has cut through the mountain range, creating on either side gigantic walls of rock

PLAYS:

By Philip Page

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down—Mr. Robey Triumphs in "Jolly Roger"—His Tactful Silence with Regard to Equity : The Late Mr. Arthur Roberts

IT'S YOU I WANT: Nora Swinburne and Seymour Hicks in a scene from the successful farce at Daly's. "At what age should a man cease to love?" Mr. Hicks is asked. "Ask someone older" is his terse reply. Nora Swinburne is most alluring in the white dress shown on right

A few hours before the curtain rose on *Jolly Roger* at the Savoy Theatre, affairs between Mr. George Robey and Actors' Equity were—as the presence in the cast of Miss Sara Allgood, of *Juno and the Paycock* fame, served to remind me—in a state of "chassus."

Whatever the advantages to the theatrical world of class war, solidarity, professional agitators, and the dictatorship of the proletariat, these elements seem strangely out of place in musical comedy. Possibly they will come. In the 'nineties London laughed at *The Shop Girl*. I have no doubt that before long London will see *The Closed-shop Girl*, though I do not think that London will find much to laugh at in it.

But on the theory that "you can't keep a good man down," it is certain that *Jolly Roger* would have bobbed up somewhere and enjoyed a successful career even had our budding commissars succeeded in preventing it being done under the management of Miss Rita John and Mr. George Robey. We can be thankful, however, for the eleventh-hour peace if only because it is unlikely that this true comic opera could ever have been given under better conditions.

Mr. Robey can be congratulated on the finest performance of his long career, and also on his tact in not allowing himself to refer on that exciting *première* to the exciting events which preceded it. Opportunities for the topical "gag" were many, and temptation must have been strong. But Mr. Robey got on with the play. I will follow his excellent example.

Of all the attempts to get away from musical-comedy convention, *Jolly Roger* is by far the best. Its author and composer are young men not long from Cambridge. But their work has not a trace of amateurism, of the University, or any other brand.

Much indifferent, though well-intentioned, work has been hailed as "the legitimate successor to Gilbert and Sullivan." This piece really merits the description, and that its home is the Savoy is a happy coincidence. Yet there has been no deliberate use of that famous model. The extravagance of the burlesque is not of the Gilbertian brand. Mr. Walter Leigh, the composer, has Sullivan's musical wit: but he does not write near-Sullivan. Here is a story about pirates. Yet not in any sense is it pirated from *The Pirates of Penzance*, even if the wicked Sir Roderick Venom is related to the wicked Murgatroyd baronet in *Ruddigore*.

Messrs. Scrobie Mackenzie and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley have relied for most of their fun in *Jolly Roger* on exaggerated heroics, with asides and soliloquies in the manner of a century ago.

This method rarely fails if the right pitch of absurdity is reached; that amusing entertainment, *The Streets of London*, is of the same *genre*, and has, to some extent perhaps, shown the way. Much use is made, too, of the comically sadistic Sir Roderick, played by Mr. Gavin Gordon with an appropriately Chinese expression and a vocabulary of oaths which could teach a slum on a Saturday night a thing or two. The rather thin little story does not matter very much, which is fortunate, for it is involved and I found it difficult to understand who were and who were not pirates, and why a British admiral was making merry on board a ship which flew the skull and crossbones flag.

Whenever one started to worry over this or over certain patches in which speed was lacking, Mr. Walter Leigh came to the rescue with his music. This is quite the best light music from a British composer for many a year. It is vigorous and individual; when sentimentality is demanded it becomes humorously maudlin, and when it is a matter of sentiment Mr. Leigh treats us to lovely little songs. He never sets out merely to be queer or to startle and he has a sense of the stage. His scoring is not too heavy; that on the first night the singers were often inaudible was due to the noise made by the orchestra. This must be toned down, or an important part of the value of *Jolly Roger* will be lost.

This music has to be sung properly, and it is by no means easy. Miss Muriel Angelo, the blonde heroine, all tresses and distresses, is an uncommonly pretty girl with an uncommonly pretty voice, though a tiny one. Mr. Percy Heming is one of the best of our light baritones, whose operatic record at Covent Garden and elsewhere will be gratefully remembered; for merrier work such as this he is equally well fitted, for he is a good actor and has a robust and cheerful personality. Some more work might be found for Miss Sara Allgood, who, through no fault of her own, seemed rather out of it.

MISS NORA SWINBURNE, who makes an unusually attractive heroine in *It's You I Want*, the new farce at Daly's

I could not quite make up my mind whether the tenor, Mr. Victor Orsini, was being intentionally or unintentionally *gauche* and ludicrous in the love scenes; knowing my tenors, I am inclined not to give him the benefit of the doubt. At the same time in a few moments of wild, Spanish fooling, Mr. Orsini's performance fell on a delighted audience with bomb-like effect.

Mr. Robey, himself, was better than he has ever been since *The Bing Boys*. This fine comedian not only sang, danced, turned somersaults, played the castanets and guitar, and took part in a vocal quartet with immense solemnity, he showed a capacity for team work rare in those who have made their name as a single turn on the music-halls; that is to say, he played complicated scenes as *part* of them, and not as a "star" performer with an accompaniment of non-entities. He even knew when to efface himself. To realize that Mr. Robey is on the stage and not to watch him is, however, difficult.

LAUGHING AT HOLLYWOOD: An amusing scene from *Once in a Lifetime*, at the Queen's Theatre. Derek Cotter as Laurence Veil, the scenario writer brought to Hollywood at a fabulous salary, keeps his lonely vigil in the reception room of the studios where he vainly awaits, for months, the instructions of the producer. The play ridicules film life in Hollywood and particularly the elaborate pomp and circumstance surrounding the activities of producers and directors

ONCE IN A LIFETIME: Derek Cotter maddened with the inactivity of waiting the producer's pleasure speaks his mind to Chris Castor, the lethargic guardian of her master's threshold. A scene from the successful burlesque of Hollywood life now showing at the Queen's Theatre

THE JOLLY ROGER: This is not George Robey talking to a representative of Equity, but a scene from his new burlesque comic opera at the Savoy. Victor Orsini takes the part of Jolly Roger, and George Robey that of Bold Ben Blister. Mr. Robey gives one of the most outstanding performances of his career

In singing the praises of a great living comedian, I cannot omit a last tribute to a great comedian who has passed on. For one day George Robey and Arthur Roberts shared the newspaper headlines—the former by reason of his very vital and robust squabble, the latter because his death was announced.

I do not pretend to have seen Arthur Roberts in the days of his glory. But I did see him when some of that glory remained and before he came to be regarded as a curiosity rather than as a comic. To many modern playgoers he was but a name, and to not a few not even that.

Roberts gained a certain portion of his mighty fame—in the late Victorian times he was one of London's outstanding figures—by his humour quite apart from the stage. His quips were passed round the clubs day by day, or rather, night by night. Some of them were unprintable, but all of them were good and his repartee was electric in its swiftness.

It is curious that his fame ceased, both on and off the stage, at a comparatively early age. Arthur Roberts twenty years ago was no older than George Robey is to-day. Yet Roberts twenty years ago was fast becoming a "back number," whereas Robey to-day is at his zenith, with no sign of a decline.

Arthur Roberts' professional assets, in addition to his native genius, were a quaint *staccato* style of singing, wonderful pantomimic eloquence, a wickedly expressive eye, and a brilliant knack of "make-up." But "make-up" with him was not a vital necessity. Like all comedians of the front rank, he could, and often did, keep an audience amused for an hour or so quite alone and without the help of anything or anybody—not even an author.

It is absurd to say that the race of super-funnymen has passed with Arthur Roberts. But it is certain that there will never be another of his type, for the London that produced it has vanished as completely as Troy.

Perhaps some friendly enthusiast has been dropping M. Nikita Balieff a hint that his policy of telling his Chauve Souris Company to "sink sard sonks" has been overdone.

The songs and turns generally in his almost wholly new entertainment at the Vaudeville Theatre are in brighter mood than usual. There are some gloomy exceptions; indeed, the gloomiest thing I have seen on any stage for some years was the representation of a grey-bearded man in an armchair by his fireside, declaring in near-English to a near-musical accompaniment that he was old, that his dog was old, that the roses of yester-year were faded, and that he was not even comforted by the kettle's "homely hissing noise."

If this monologue had lasted much longer he would have heard a homely hissing noise, but it would not have comforted him and it would not have come from a kettle.

Depressing, too, was the sight of two portraits who spoke and sang from their frames, mourning the departed glories of pre-Revolution Versailles.

The tango is a solemnly amorous business, difficult, I believe, to perform and tedious to watch. But it is not so bad as all that. I suppose it is only natural for people who hanker longingly after the days that preceded their own revolution to be interested in those that preceded other people's.

Fortunately M. Balieff has arranged some cheerful antidotes—the Chanson Grivoise, "I. S. Cohn, Ltd.," a story of a predatory young woman dressed as Marlene Dietrich, a clever burlesque of a charity concert, and a law-court scene entitled "The Judgment of Midas."

One becomes so obsessed with the pluck of these folk struggling unsuccessfully with the English tongue, and also with one's own difficulty in trying, equally unsuccessfully, to understand them that much of the drift of the thing is lost. The novelty, however, of hearing the former episode done in Russian-English may be said to have been its only justification.

The persistent belief that it is a sure card to let a woman pad her chest and sing off the note on purpose is becoming exasperating. It was never very funny. We have too many singers who do not need padding and who sing off the note without knowing it.

Really first rate was a love duet interrupted by comic cats on the roof; and so were such old favourites as "Copenhagen Porcelain," "La Laitière de Trianon," and, of course, "Katinka." But Katinka herself must tone down that squeak, though I am aware that for a young woman occasionally to make a noise comparable only to a slate pencil being drawn swiftly across a paving-stone is an accepted formula of Russian humour.

On the whole a good entertainment. Non-stop variety at the Vaudeville having stopped, I can think of nothing better than this to take its place by way of pleasant contrast.

Many things there be that I find hard to understand—the way of a man with a maid, the way of a ship at sea, and why page-boys at picture-palaces wear white gloves on their shoulders.

Yet another is why the public is not allowed to see more of Dame May Whitty, who plays elderly parts with absolute perfection.

Not that she does not appear in many plays. The pity of it is that the parts allotted to her are only too often cut down to a colourless nothing; in spite of that she never fails to make them live. A hundred times, possibly, have I seen on the stage the match-making mamma. Usually she is a puppet. As played by Dame May in Miss Dorothy Massingham's play, *The Lake*, at the Arts Theatre, she is a real person. Some credit for this must, naturally enough, go also to Miss Massingham, who has drawn the character—that of a hard, rather stupid woman, who would any day rather see her daughter marry a rich man she does not love than a poor man she does—with strokes that are deft and sure.

Indeed, the whole of this play, which is likely to turn up again for a regular run, is well-written and well-constructed. It is a tragedy, with a lighter interlude in the form of the arrival of guests for a wedding (this comic relief, a little long and giving the appearance of having been dragged in with too obvious an intention, is the only false note). The story is a simple one of a girl tired of the vacillation of a married man who, loved by and in love with her, is not willing to burn his boats. She becomes engaged to the most upright of bachelors whom she merely likes. As the wedding-day approaches she falls in love with him. Almost at once he is killed in a motor accident.

Thus the facts are few. But the opportunities for emotional complexities are many and of them Miss Marie Ney makes full use. This actress has always shown skilled technique, but here she adds a warmth and tensity to her work which puts this into the ranks of the outstanding performances of the season.

Mr. Alan Napier, the tall young actor who so uncannily suggested middle-age as the adoring peer in *Bitter Sweet*, was sincere and dignified as the tragic bridegroom.

NEW ELMER RICE PLAY AT THE LITTLE: Who killed *Cock Robin?* Robert Horton as Dr. Henry Grace, and Winifred Evans as Helen Maxwell, faced with suspicion. This exciting play is the joint effort of Elmer Rice and Philip Barry

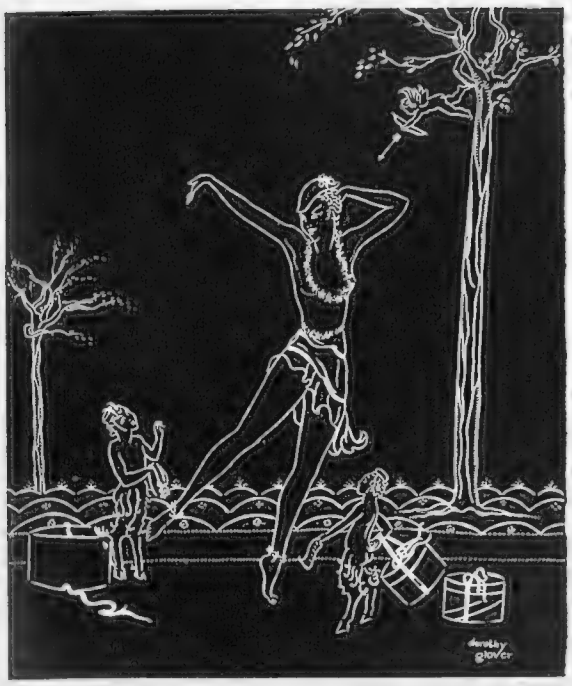
THE COLISEUM AS A HOME OF BALLET: A scene from the revival of the famous Empire Theatre ballet, *The Débutante*, at the Coliseum. *Left to right*—Leonard Smoothey, Phyllis Bedells, and Theresa Heymans

HATS and ROBES for Daffodil Days

Decoration by Dorothy Glover

CHIC BUT INEXPENSIVE : One of the new pillar-box hats with scarf to match originated by Alphonsine, and carried out in a blue and white striped fancy material with a cockade of petersham ribbon. By courtesy of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody

FASHIONS IN FILMLAND : Mlle Josianne, France's most popular cinema star, displays to advantage a current mode in headgear. The shape and poise of the hat must suit the head of the wearer if chic is to be obtained



Decoration by Dorothy Glover

A PETER RUSSELL MODEL: A feature of this designer's new models in evening gowns is that they are worn over a fitted foundation of taffeta or some similar material, thus making for dignified and well-defined lines. This gown is in black ribbed charmaine de soir with a crystal dropped corselet, crystal necklet, and embroidered gloves. The tarlatan boa is original and graceful

IN SCARLET AND NAVY: Peter Russell's latest creation, the postman's coat, a striking ensemble in navy blue Irish tweed piped with scarlet. The suit in reverse pattern is of scarlet Irish tweed piped with navy. A pill-box hat of scarlet completes a delightful ensemble

BOOKS

By

CECIL ROBERTS

Rhodes Praised and Indicted—His Faith in Sir Starr Jameson His Only Mistake?: An unbiased Narrative from a South African Pen: "Monsoon," A First Novel: Richard Aldington Mellows his Ferocity in "All Men Are Enemies"

It seems as if the world will never agree about Cecil Rhodes. There have been several biographies before this one by Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, *Rhodes* (Chatto and Windus. 9s.). He emerges from these studies either as a villain of the blackest die, a sharper and trickster who led England into a costly war to further the ends of a gang of gold bandits, or as the grand Imperialist, the maker of Empires, a man of vision, of heroic mould, bold, generous and high-minded. The truth is, so far as we are now beginning to piece it together, that Cecil Rhodes was a scallywag-hero; he possessed heroic qualities and others that, with less luck, would have brought him a long term of imprisonment. With rough justice he might have been hanged because of the people he associated with. But all this might be said of so many world conquerors. There are often few steps between a throne and a gallows. To the man who succeeds—the nimbus; to the man who fails—the halter. For a long time Rhodes' biographers have been pro-nimbus or pro-halter.

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, as one of South Africa's foremost writers, would seem to have exceptional qualifications for the task of Rhodes' biographer. She is a native of the land of which she writes, she is of an age that makes her not too remote from the events she scrutinizes. Above all, she has a vivid, vigorous prose style. Yet with all these qualities she might easily fail because of partisanship. It becomes clear from the outset of this very remarkable book that she has astonishing independence of mind and a masculine grip of industrial, financial, and political detail. To this she adds a rare skill in biography. This book has all the drama, the development, the climax, the insight, sympathy, and imaginative groundwork of a great novel. This book is a fine novel which happens to be about a character who really existed, and whose deeds in their immensity and surprise exceed anything that the novelist could devise.

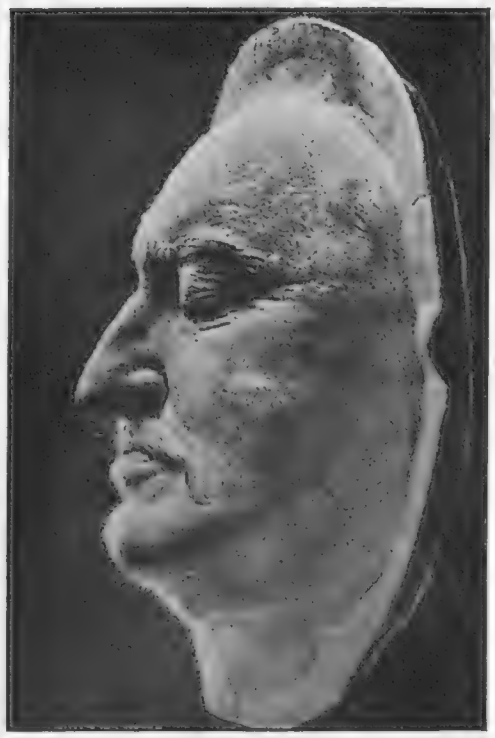
"You worship Rhodes?" George Meredith wrote to a lady. "I would crown him and scourge him with his crown still on him!"

He wrote that after Rhodes was dead a month, with the Boer War nearing its end and the founder of Rhodesia lying in his tomb on the Matopos. Rhodes had come to Africa, when he was seventeen, straight from a vicarage in England, one of a family of twelve. He made a fortune while a youth, yearned for Oxford, returned to England, wilfully breaking his career, and presented himself to the Master of University College. He was rejected, he merely wanted to read for a pass degree, and he had failed his matriculation. He pointed out that, although he was only twenty, he was in reality a man. But the master could do no more than send him to the Provost of Oriel—"They are less particular there." The Provost of Oriel, accepting him after some hesitation, complained, "All the colleges send me their failures!" Rhodes took his revenge nobly in the coming years, when the University gave him an honorary degree and an acclaim that exceeded Kitchener's on that memorable day. He also devised a scheme which has resulted in some 2,000 young men drawn from all corners of the earth being sent to the Oxford that almost rejected him.

His Oxford career, like everything else in his life, was irregular. He had trouble with his lungs, went back to South Africa, and returned two years later. He entered Parliament in the same year that he had taken his degree. He had already founded the De Beers Mining Company and made his will. He had a weakness for making his will. He made his first when he was twenty-four. He had one downright failure in the short life before him, the Jameson Raid—"more significant than any of his successes, but it was the only failure in Rhodes' system of aggression, and one might choose to regard it as an exception." There was, strangely enough, a period when he was strongly opposed to the Imperial idea. When Warren declared martial law and a British Protectorate over the whole of Bechuanaland, he denounced him in Parliament. But Kruger, who should have been outraged by Warren, transferred his ire to Rhodes. "That young man is going to cause me trouble," he said, prophetically. At that moment Rhodes was virtuous compared with Warren, the villain of the piece.

There was tremendous personal magnetism in this man. Rhodes took Matabeleland from Lobengula, he drove him to defeat and death. He sent the chief's sons to school, and took one of them for his valet. They loved Rhodes and delighted to serve him. There is to-day a Rhodes Lobengula. Mrs. Millin draws an unforgettable picture of this chief.

"In this atmosphere Lobengula tried to keep harmony. The young men must not kill — too much. The concession-hunters must not take—too much. The missionaries must not convert



"SO MUCH TO DO, SO LITTLE DONE": The last words of Cecil Rhodes, the great Empire builder, whose death at Muizenberg in 1902 robbed South Africa of the man who had for twenty years been the country's most dominating figure. Rhodes' life is the subject of a new biography by Sarah Gertrude Millin, published by Chatto and Windus

—too much. To everyone he gave a little for the sake of peace, a little as warily, as indefinitely, as he dared. By the time Rhodes had a place in Parliament and his De Beers and his goldfields, by the time Britain had her Protectorate over Bechuanaland, by the time the stage was thus set for Rhodes' march north, Lobengula was a man standing against a wall in which stuck the knives thrown all round him by expert jugglers."

This is a long book, but it is not a word too long. The scene is vividly set, the colossal figure candidly exposed. Destiny works here with courage, craft, peace, and war. He was buried like a king.

"A gun carriage, drawn by twelve oxen, carried his coffin up the black slope of his hill. It was lowered with chains into the rock. The hill was swarming with the Matabele he had won and betrayed, and won again and succoured. 'Our father is dead,' they cried, and gave him, alone of white men before or since, the royal salute of 'Bayete!'"

After this biography there seems to be no further need for a book on Rhodes. Mrs. Millin has said it all magnificently.

Monsoon, by Wilfrid David (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), is a first novel. There is nothing in the style of the author to suggest that he is not an old craftsman. This story of a wild young man who, disgusted by his mother's second marriage, becomes a gigolo, makes love to a German actress, and then goes to India, where he is shot after seducing his cousin's wife, is told with astonishing vigour. But this is a lesser aspect of the story. It is notable for its fresh treatment of scene, and especially for its frank study of the Indian problem. Here, most fairly and with sympathetic insight, are the pros and cons of the Indian question. In the contrasted figures of the frenzied Ali and of stolid Markham, the Indian question lives before us. Romantic, fantastic, realistic, Mr. David plays each rôle with consummate ease in a book that is witty, provocative, yet never removed from serious intent.

It has taken a long time for the genius of Pitigrilli to invade this island. Here he comes at last with *Mr. Pott* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), and I anticipate for him a tremendous welcome. Pitigrilli is Italian by birth, French by absorption, and at all times a master of the ridiculous. He takes the clothes off humanity and extracts humour from its deformity. He is always kind, and infallible in his oddity. Here he tells us of Monsieur Pott, a judge who, one day exasperated by his two colleagues, announced in public that the judge sitting on each side of him was a fool. He resigned, was challenged to innumerable duels, and awoke to find himself a public character. "I live modestly in this apartment, and I do not disguise the fact that, for all my average condition of life, I am lost in admiration for men who stake their lives on poker-dice and are heroic enough to spend their last twenty francs on a gardenia." I think Pitigrilli will find many friends. He stands alone.

In one of our foremost newspapers there appear the initials "C.B.M." which cover some of the most sensitive journalism of the day, whether the subject be drama, art, or life. The initials belong to a working journalist who is also a clergyman, a combination somewhat unusual. The journalist I have long admired, the clergyman has been hidden from me, but he is now discovered in a little book, *The Purpose of Life*, by C. B. Mortlock (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.). There are thirteen sermons in this book, and the concentration of thought and experience they hold suggest to me that Fleet Street has merits as a training ground for preachers that should not be overlooked. In the last sermon the balance of life and the pace of London are most strikingly redressed. The calm sense of these pages could only have come out of the maelstrom of life. They have an uncloistered virtue.

Mr. Richard Aldington comes again with another long length novel, *All Men are Enemies* (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), but this time he has lost his crushing pessimism and his bitter distrust of human nature. The story is a simple and almost commonplace one. It follows, from childhood, the growth and adolescence of Anthony Clarendon. It seems to me that this is the best part of the book. It has insight, and with great detail and conviction follows the growth of a child's mind. Tony is vague about his career, he is vague about everything except his passionate love of Katha, the Austrian girl he encountered in his youth during a holiday on Capri, which seems unnecessarily disguised as Aeaea, though all the other places in the book bear their proper names. Together they anticipated "nudism" in their bathing, and dispensed with convention. Then the war swept down, separating them.

Mr. Aldington telescopes these four years, and shows us Anthony nerve-ridden and married to Margaret, who always intended marrying him. She learned to regret it. He threw up his business, and while affecting a deep disdain of people who worked for their livings, and talking much of freedom, became a *rentier*, left his wife and wandered over Europe. An earlier search for Katha failed.

His friend Warterton found Tony an enigma, so will the reader. Tony is reunited to his Katha on Aeaea. When Katha confesses that after Austria's downfall she took to prostitution he reveals a wound on his thigh, declaring he was murder's prostitute. "That is the mark of my dishonour," he declares. The melodrama apart, the absurdity of this will end whatever sympathy the reader had retained for the wayward Anthony. The story is poor, its merit is in the trimmings, which have little to do with the story itself. There are long passages of political speculation, of travel and discussion, of art and music. Mr. Aldington finds a perfect vehicle of thought in this nervous prose style which he has wrought. He observes acutely and expresses his discoveries neatly. He despises post-War Europe.

"The Italians seemed to have lost their old warmth and hard-working simplicity, and to have retained only their faculty for promiscuous existence, their insensitiveness, their impertinent curiosity. He very soon got sick of their indiscreet questionings, and their complaints about the wickedness of England in the matter of coal and exchange, invariable phrases flung at him as if he were personally responsible. And always the song and dance about what we did in the War. *Noi, noi, noi; io, io, io!* Tony decided that some nations, like some people, are sympathetic and charming when bottom dogs and utterly odious when they're top dogs."

Anthony would be very surprised to learn that he was an incurable sensualist. "There's a goddess in your breasts" is the thought that dominates his behaviour through the years. He finds his Katha, deserts his wife and his occupation, and we leave him living on Aeaea with his mistress and nothing but ecstasy. It is scarcely a man's life, and that is where Mr. Aldington's long story fails us; but the telling of it never fails.

BOOKS TO READ

ISLE OF EDEN, by Loring Andrews (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

JAPAN, by P. T. Etherton and H. Tiltman (Jarrolds. 16s.).

THERE'S ROSEMARY, by Princess Montesquiere (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

SOVIET ECONOMICS, by G. Dobbert (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.).

MRS. BARRY, by Frederick Niven (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

THE STRANGER ON THE ISLAND, by Brand Whitlock (Appleton. 7s. 6d.).

IN RURAL ENGLAND

Sowing Time in the South Country

THE WHITE HORSE LOOKS ON

Ploughing operations under the watchful eye of the White Horse at Westbury, Wiltshire. The famous landmark has recently undergone spring-cleaning operations, and is looking very neat in its chalky jacket

A MENDIP CHARACTER: Old Joe Day, a hedger of Blagdon, Somerset, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, grinds his axe on a home-made stone

A FAMOUS CORNISH BEAUTY SPOT

A picturesque scene at Ludgvan, near Penzance, where Cornish farmers are busy planting the early potatoes. The first Cornish crops usually come from this district. In the background can be seen the granite mass of St. Michael's Mount towering above the sea

FILMS of the HOUR

IN A TOPICAL SETTING: Nils Asther, who plays the leading rôle in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, now current at the Regal. Yen is a Chinese war lord in Shanghai, who succumbs to the puritan New England charms of an American girl, played by Barbara Stanwyck

SCREEN VERSION OF *A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT*: Katharine Hepburn, who has scored a remarkable success by reason of her natural and unorthodox interpretation of the part of the daughter in the film version of Clemence Dane's celebrated play

BILLINGSGATE AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

A complete replica of Billingsgate with thirty porters from the market forms one of the scenes in British Gaumont's new production, *Britannia of Billingsgate*, now taking shape at their Shepherd's Bush Studios

NEW BRITISH PRODUCTION

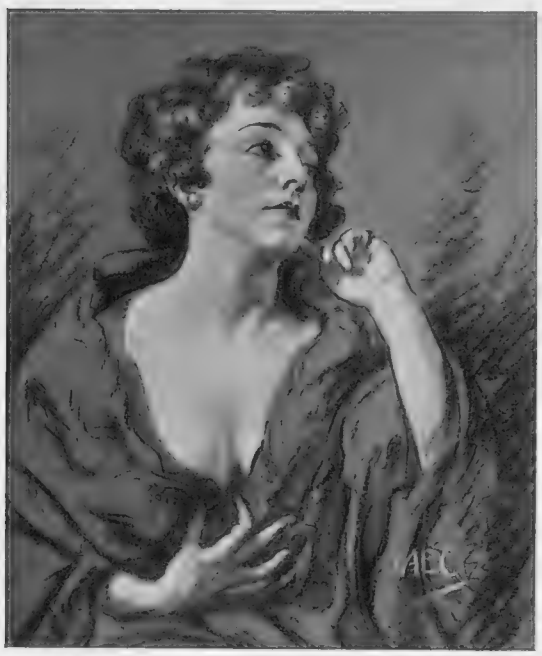
John Stuart and Mary Glynne in *The Lost Chord*, a new British production just completed at Twickenham Film Studios

ART OF THE WEEK

ROYALTY VISITS THE LONDON PORTRAIT SOCIETY: Princess Helena Victoria, seen in the foreground, was the principal visitor to the private view of the Society's fifth exhibition, held at the New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, last week. There were 183 exhibits and nearly 120 artists contributed. Several notable portraits are shown on this page

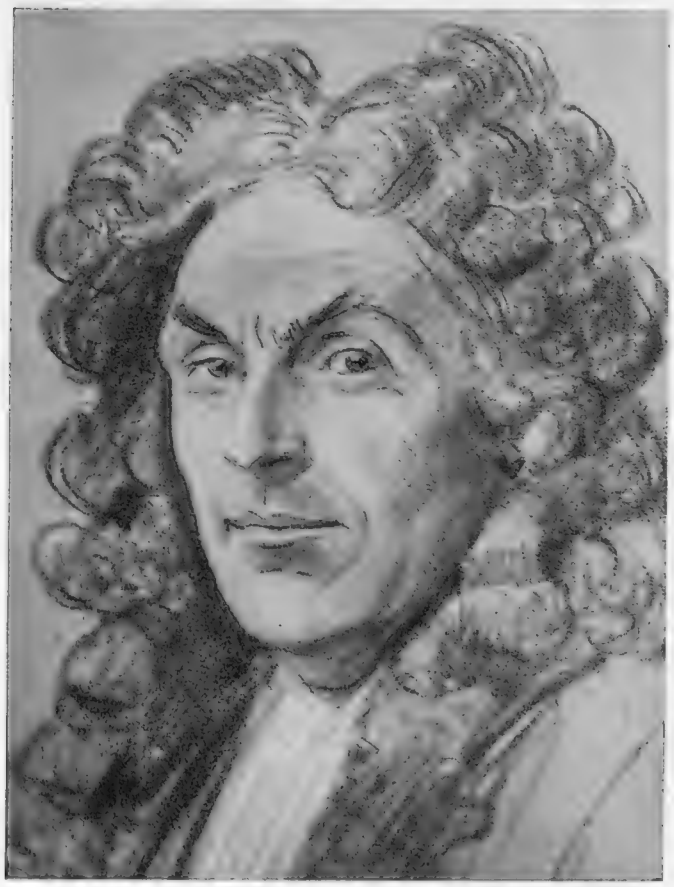
IN PROFILE: "Lesley," a portrait by K. Faraday Boyd

A STUDY IN CHARACTER: H. W. Corry, Esq., by John St. Helier Lander



MISS EVE BARLOW BOX by A. EGERTON COOPER

PORTRAIT OF VIRGINIA by MAUD HALL NEALE



JAMES DALE AS "THE OLD BACHELOR" by T. H. AMSHEWITZ

THE PORT OF CALVI, CORSICA

One of a group of etchings by Philiph Giddens included in a private exhibition by this artist at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, 1, Connaught Square, London, W.1. The exhibition is being held in aid of the Actors' Orphanage under the patronage of Sir Gerald du Maurier

IN THE CITY OF MOSQUES: A street scene in the old quarter of Fez, the chief commercial city of Morocco. The ancient part of the town, on the right bank of the Wad Fas, is known as Fas el Bali, and is remarkable for its narrow streets and numerous mosques and churches, a cosmopolitan population of Muhammadans, Jews, and Roman Catholics, having necessitated the building of many places of worship

TRAVEL

The New and Ancient Cities of Fez. France Builds a New White City Outside the Old

Fez has truly been called a city of yesterday—a city that the changing centuries have left unchanged. Founded in the year A.D. 808, its massive, fortified walls have witnessed the tide of war sweep at intervals across Northern Africa, only to recede, leaving little effect on the city whose daily life still flows much in the same channels as in those early days when Idriss II, its founder, controlled its destinies.

But signs are not wanting that Fez is about to awaken from her long sleep; indeed to the serious observer she is already stirring, and the fear is that the time may be nearer than many realize when, deserted by her population, she may fall into decay even as her sister town, Salé, has been supplanted by Rabat.

France, with a foresight that has operated to her advantage in other instances, and in spite of the calls made on her by the Great War, perceived a great future awaiting the more active development of her Morocco territories. Prisoners of war were despatched to North Africa and utilized in making new highways from the coast to the interior. Previously progress along the old caravan routes was slow and tedious, and the alternative of sea transport was little better, involving as it did embarking and landing passengers and merchandise by small craft at the various ports, frequently a dangerous operation on account of the heavy breakers and surf of the Atlantic.

MOORISH ARCHITECTURE IN FAS EL BALI: The old quarter of Fez, with its narrow winding thoroughfares, abounds at every turn with delightful examples of Moorish architecture. The streets, although often dark by reason of the overshadowing buildings, have nothing of the decayed appearance of other Moorish towns, and on account of modern drainage are outstandingly cleanly. The donkey is still employed extensively as a mode of transport, and it is no uncommon sight to see the animal almost obscured by the flowing folds of its owner's garments and the mass of merchandise its sturdy legs are called upon to bear

Now broad, macadamised roads starting from Tangier stretch across the undulating plains to Casablanca, Marrakesh, and Rabat, continuing across Morocco and linking up with similar roads through Algiers to Tunis. In this connection one difficulty remains to be overcome—that of the atrocious roads across the Spanish zone. Funds for their repair are said to have been voted by various Spanish Governments, but as not infrequently happens the money, if actually voted, has not been applied to its original purpose.

The crowded and medieval conditions prevailing in Fez render the city unsuitable as a centre, although the geographical position makes it an ideal site for the further development of Morocco from both a commercial and tourist point of view, and here again France has taken the easier course. A new Fez has sprung up about two miles from the old town, and the completion of the railway from Tangier has facilitated this development. Broad boulevards planted with palms, modern hotels, banks, and shops of every description have brought the amenities of Paris to the heart of North Africa. In the season luxurious motors enable the visitor to tour the surrounding district with an ease impossible under earlier conditions. These operations may well write "Vale" over the gateways of the older town. Workmen from her have been employed on the buildings, and Moorish craftsmen have exercised their talents on the internal decorations. This contact with modern ideas and conditions of labour may well lead eventually to an exodus from one town to another. The old Fez, now stirring in her sleep, may well succumb to the lure of modern civilization—an action which may lead to the inevitable abandonment of the city of Idriss II.

It is essential, then, for the traveller to lose no time in visiting Fez before the changes make themselves felt. Driving out from the modern town, the flat-roofed houses of the old town crowded together inside her massive walls are soon observed on the spur of a hill. Access is only possible through one of the enormous gateways, and once inside you step into the past centuries and become lost in her teeming population. Perhaps it might be better in the first place to hire one of the old-fashioned pair-horse victorias that ply for hire, and drive round the exterior of the city walls, as by this means an idea of the city is obtained that is not possible once it is entered. It is a delightful drive through olive groves and masses of gigantic cacti, affording fine views of the undulating hills stretching into the far distance, the horizon revealing the peaks of the Atlas Mountains with all the mystery of the Sahara Desert beyond. A land already under cultivation whose crops must yield a rich harvest.

If the day be Friday multitudes of women, clad in white from head to foot with only the eyes visible, will be met on their way to the cemeteries outside the city walls, this being their main recreation of the week. Work cannot be too strenuous in these parts as Friday is the day of rest for the Muhammadans, Saturday the Jewish and Sunday the French holiday — a circumstance that must cause a considerable dislocation of business. Time, however, would seem to be of no account in these parts. Having made the circuit, the strength and size of the crenelated walls will have been appreciated, and so you return and enter the city itself, where a veritable feast awaits alike the student of life and art.

Narrow, tortuous streets twist and turn in all directions. These are crowded with an ever-moving throng of Arabs, Berbers, Jews, and all the miscellaneous races that go to make up her population. Over and over again you recall the pictures of Eastern life as depicted in the family Bibles which used to be found in every home. Dark-skinned boys clad only in a ragged shirt drive their herds of goats through the crowds. Water sellers, in similar raiment, ring their bells in the hope of quenching thirst with water from their dripping goatskins served in a brass cup.

Now a tall, stately Arab in voluminous white robes passes by with his tiny donkey barely visible under its load of merchandise. So narrow is the road that as likely as not you will step aside into a doorway to allow of his passing by. Or a wealthy Moor, mounted on his horse, may force his way through the motley throng, and if it be towards evening he will carry a beautifully wrought lanthorn to light him on his way.

If you happen on a wider street, it will be to find the sky obscured by enormous vines trained across for shelter from the sun. Small booths line both sides of the innumerable streets displaying all manner of wares, for the inhabitants are masters of craftsmanship in the manufacture of pottery, silk, carpets, jewellery, and illuminating, to refer to only a few of the articles displayed in the bazaars. If it is silk you wish, you may see it woven on an old-fashioned loom worked by numerous natives, or by visiting the baker you may witness how he produces the excellent sweetmeats and bread offered for sale.

(Continued on page 342)

MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEW CITY: On the left bank of the Wad Fas is the modern Fez, known as Fas el Jadid, situated two miles from the old commercial quarter. New Fez is occupied principally by Government and residential buildings

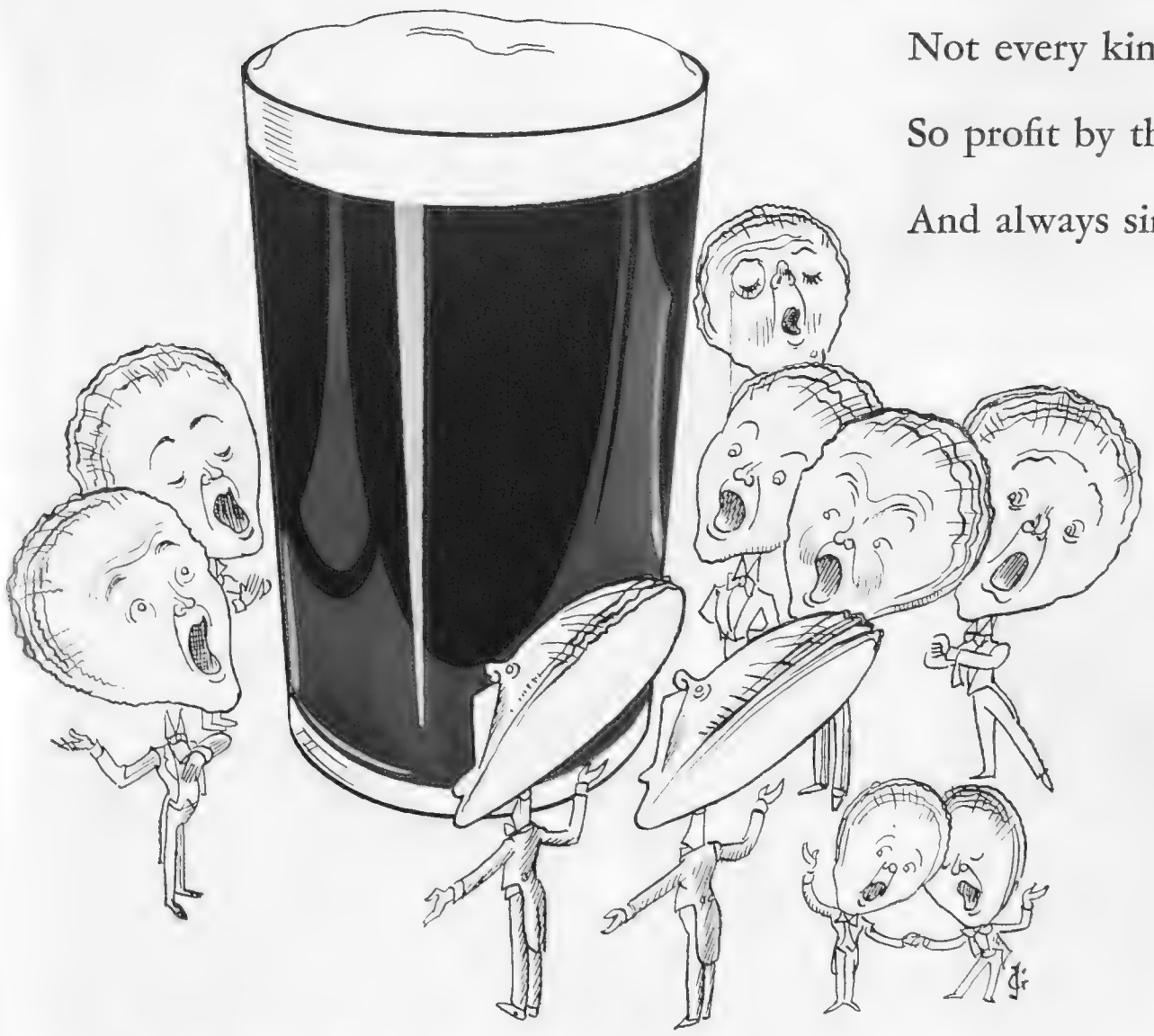
EUROPEANIZED MOROCCO: Another street scene in the New City. In the background is the Grand Hotel, one of the architectural features of the modern quarter, equipped with a style and lavishness characteristic of France's Colonial Empire

A EUROPEAN BUILDING IN AN AFRICAN SETTING: The tropical gardens of the Grand Hotel, Fez, typify the pleasing manner in which the new quarter of the city has been planned

IN THE COMMERCIAL QUARTER: A street in Fas el Jadid, showing the depot of the Citroën Company, makers of the famous cars employed in desert transport. The roads in the city and its vicinity are macadamised, and motoring is now no more difficult than on the Continent

"The Oyster is a gentle thing,
And will not come unless you sing"

OLD PROVERB



Remember this. Remember, too,

Not every kind of song will do.

So profit by this little rhyme

And always sing in "Guinness Time"

GUINNESS is good for Oysters -good for you

G.E.328

THE PETROL WORLD

By
A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands ; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S SUCCESS.— As I write these notes, the thought uppermost in the minds of all British motorists is the marvellous performance of Sir Malcolm Campbell at Daytona. Some people may consider the taking of a record such as this requires only a certain amount of pluck and a heap of good luck, but there is a lot more if a successful effort such as the one in contemplation is to be registered. Careful preparation of every detail counts more than anything else to bring about success in the world of records, and when attempts are made to enter the unknown, such as was the case with Sir Malcolm, the importance of careful preparation is increased. Sir Malcolm Campbell is fortunate in having the gift of being able to foresee accurately, and as a result there is very little left to luck in the final result.

I feel certain that our friends on the other side of the Atlantic must be very impressed with Sir Malcolm. They, of all the people in the world, do like things done quickly without fuss and without talk. On each occasion that Sir Malcolm has gone out to Daytona he has definitely delivered the goods in the shortest possible time, and I am certain that these successful attempts do a tremendous amount of good, not only to the prestige of the British motor industry, but also to the British nation as a whole.

Sir Malcolm would be the first to say that the taking of such a record is not only a feather in his own cap, but also reflects the greatest credit on the machine and those responsible for designing and building it, and on that keen band of assistants who are out there on the spot helping him on the beach.

SAVING YOUR HEAD: The Riley Nine Falcon Saloon showing the novel roof doors which facilitate entrance and exit. This innovation is a standard fitting to the Falcon body

***BUILDERS OF THE* BLUEBIRD.**— Who built this unique motor car? One would imagine that it could only emerge from the workshops of our biggest and most successful motor manufacturers; but that was not the case, for it was made bit by bit, not by a motor manufacturer at all, but by a comparatively small firm who specialize in tuning up racing cars and in increasing the efficiency of ordinary engines and chassis so that they may go a little faster.

The name of this firm is Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands), Limited, and *Bluebird* was built by them in their workshops situated inside the concrete saucer of Brooklands racetrack.

One of the directors of Thomson and Taylor, Mr. Reid A. Railton, was responsible for the design, and another director, Mr. G. H. K. Taylor, superintended the fitting and actually assembled much of the car with his own hands. This firm and the individuals, whether they are directors or mechanics, cannot have too much praise showered upon them. I am sure, if Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands), Limited, were responsible for such a work and had their domicile in any other country, they would have queues of people outside their premises all waiting to have their cars tuned up by the makers of the *Bluebird*, and by the end of twelve months they would probably be the wealthiest concern in the motor trade. They deserve such rewards, but in this country I doubt whether their success will warrant them leaving their present quarters and establishing themselves in Piccadilly.

A POINT OF INTEREST.—In a previous issue I referred to the various motor-road tracks which may soon be constructed, but up to the moment the majority have not started to construct their courses, in fact I should say none of them have, with the exception of Donington Park near Derby.

This course has for many years been used for motor-cycle racing, but during the winter the road has been widened, and it is now to be used for cars.

The first meeting is due to take place on March 25, and as an experiment the first fixture will be a club affair and no cars over 1,500 cc. in engine capacity will be invited to compete.

THE LATEST FORD DESIGN: The V-8 De Luxe Coupé. Tremendous acceleration coupled with extreme flexibility has firmly established the V-8 among the outstanding cars of 1933

THE SINGER TWO-LITRE which has an 18-h.p. 6-cylinder engine with a five-bearing crankshaft. The saloon body is made entirely of aluminium

A PERFECT DANCING FLOOR

A RECORD GATHERING! One of the largest gatherings ever held at a Hunt Ball in Ireland attended the County Limerick Hunt Ball at the Stella Restaurant, Limerick, recently. The ballroom, which has only recently been brought into operation, has a magnificent parquet floor, the work of Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., of Berners Street, London, W.1. It is a duplicate of floors in the Trocadero, Claridges, and the Savoy

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"But comfort's not everything."

"I know, but what I've saved on repairs—low cost of upkeep, you know—makes her even *more* of an investment, Ted says. Ted's the expert on thermostats and thingummies. But I'm the connoisseur of comfort."

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ANIMAL NOTES

AN ANTIPODEAN CURIOSITY: The duck-billed platypus the strange inhabitant of the Australian continent, which combines the characteristics of a bird, an animal, and a fish

Australia's Platypus

The Animal that Dies at the Thought of England

Britain has again been denied the opportunity of seeing the world's strangest animal. Another attempt to bring a platypus from Australia to England has failed. As usual, it died *en route*.

The platypus is a real curiosity combining certain features of a bird, an animal, and a fish. It is to be found in Tasmania and in the eastern and southern areas of the mainland of Australia.

It is a stocky animal covered with short, dense, and very soft fur, usually dark brown in colour, but lighter in the underparts. It has a bill like a duck and, in the adult, no teeth. The young, however, do have a set which are shed after being worn down. Their place is then taken by two horny prominences, two on each side of the jaw.

Behind its bill, in its cheeks as it were, the platypus has two pouches used for the storing of food. This consists mainly of aquatic insects and worms. The platypus does not eat these, as it catches them in the water, but usually fills its pouches and then comes ashore to dine at leisure.

Its feet are webbed, more so even than those of a duck. In the forefeet this web not only fills the space between the toes but extends beyond these, thus producing a very large area for swimming. The web is carefully folded back on the palm of the foot when the animal wishes to burrow or feed.

The platypus is aquatic in its habits and lives in burrows on the banks of streams and lakes. The burrows usually have two openings, one above and one below water level. The land entrance is always cleverly concealed.

FENCING IN STYLE: Champion Arr-Havid of Ghazni, who was unbeaten at Cruft's Show, takes a flying leap over the railings in Hyde Park

ONCE NEARING EXTINCTION, NOW A MENACE: The great skua of the Shetland Islands. Reduced some years ago almost to extinction, protection has resulted in its numbers increasing until certain crofters have declared it to be a nuisance. Complete protection has been removed for a period of one year

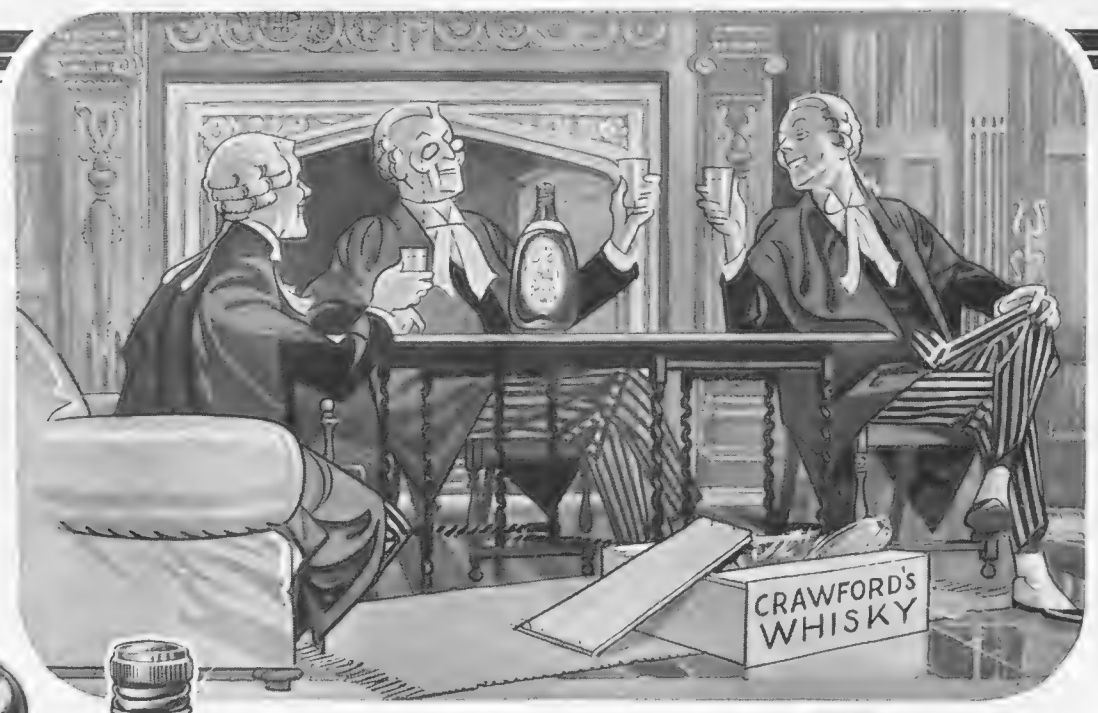
As so many unsuccessful attempts to bring the platypus to England have proved, it is a very bad traveller. It requires not only a "wet" feeding tank, but an unlimited supply of worms.

An Australian correspondent to the *Sydney Bulletin* recently pointed out the necessity of washing the animal in the approved method. In its native state it is very careful not to get its skin wet. Its oily outer fur ensures this. So in captivity it asks only to be rubbed down with a wet bath towel every evening.

"Then," says the correspondent, "it will sleep for a while and awake as playful as a kitten. Should the water, however, penetrate to the skin it will evince its discomfort by scratching the back of its neck—and that's good night."

A platypus objects to being handled. The only specimen that has reached America so far came to an untimely end. For the sum of 1s. the quaint little animal was shown to crowds of admirers. But the keepers forgot their charge hated to be handled, and it soon passed out.

The platypus is extremely temperamental; it has no spirit, and gives up the ghost on the least provocation. Every specimen despatched for England does it. They do not even get sick, they just suddenly decide to lie down and die. It would seem that the Australians have been telling them about the British climate.



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THE END OF GIANTITIS

(Continued from p. 312)

with hotel, railway, cinema, houses for 10,000 workers. One tractor every five minutes round the clock—50,000 a year. That was Tractorstroi's schedule. Corps of shock-brigade workers rushed about the land, setting the pace for vast mobs of ordinary labourers swarming over mammoth structures at Zaporozhye, Novorossisk, Rostov, Magnetostroy, Leningrad, in the Urals, Siberia. An army of technicians and workers descended upon the Dnieper river and built the world's biggest dam there, with an industrial metropolis alongside.

The factories had gone big—the earth must go big. Stalin's heavy hand wiped out all the little elongated fields which cut into a patchwork quilt the fertile valleys and plains. Collective farms replaced the little self-sustaining farms and holdings. Gigant was the model and the Red pride—a sort of Ford mass-production colossus, employing 3,000 workers, who were rushed from cantonments to the fields in motor-buses in three eight-hour shifts.

And what did it all bring to Russia? Famine. A famine both of goods and of food. The factories are too big to work; the farms are too big to run. Gigant is the world's most sensational farming failure. So we find Stalin confronting a crisis as severe as that which faces the rulers in the capital of the country which supplied him with ideas, ideals, and the technicians to realize both.

Gigantitis in America is a phenomenon of the post-War phase. Hence the exaggerated symptoms we now perceive. Plants built, buildings erected, mines and oil fields developed, fields cultivated, on the supposition that the post-War phase of over-stimulated growth was fundamentally healthy, balanced, and could go on with the velocity accepted by Professor Taylor (but not by the more acute Dr. Raymond Pearl and other calculators who kept their heads).

Nobody in the giantitis phase stopped to inquire what would happen if markets or money abroad or at home failed to provide these insatiable and ever-growing mass-production stomachs with food to keep them functioning. The illusion of bigness had afflicted the reasoning faculties with temporary paralysis.

The stock market phenomenon provides a vivid illustration. Up, up swelled the total market value of securities listed. Larger and larger grew the aggregate of brokers' loans sustaining the crazy structure, wobbling skywards. It was big, so it was secure and good. The late President Coolidge thought so. He announced that the total of brokers' loans was not dangerous. It was justified by the national wealth as reflected in the aggregate market valuation of securities. When that giant crashed, the heap was measured by one of the American banker-surgeons, Mr. Frank Vanderlip, who sadly pronounced it to be but one-tenth of its former size.

It will, indeed, be long before mere size is again accepted in America as a sign of health. Big business is no longer revered merely because it is big. The man who projects a new skyscraper is not automatically acclaimed for his constructive genius, vision, and courage—has not been since the owners of a New York skyscraper offered it to anybody who would take it over and relieve them of liability for the rates and taxes. The gigantic automobile assembly lines have ceased to compel wonder. People are readier to ask whether such vast plants are not social and economic menaces, Frankenstein monsters, rather than the benevolent giants their creators say they are.

Take as a case in point the Radio City Theatre affair, as complete and characteristic a case of giantitis as there has been since an Egyptian megalomaniac built a pyramid for a tomb. In the midst of that vast pile they carved out a theatre so huge that it defeated its own purposes.

If the theatre serves no useful purpose, except to demonstrate how big you can build if you start out to build big, what of the mammoth pile of Radio City itself—a city within a city, with a capacity of 150,000? Why Radio City, anyway? The answer seems to be that Woolworth put up his "biggest ever" building and was outbuilt by Chrysler, who in turn was overtopped by that mastodon of a skyscraper, the Empire State, rushed up by a syndicate headed by the sanguine Mr. "Al" Smith; and John D. Rockefeller's son decided to go several bigger than the whole lot of them.

At the height of America's giantitis madness the Rockefellers would have been hailed with patriotic fervour as the outstanding example to date of the American soul and genius, merely on the strength of this "biggest ever" building, with its "biggest ever" appendages. But to-day—well, take a look at what Mr. Walter Lippmann, most deliberate and balanced of American commentators, says, and in no Radical journal, but the highly Conservative *New York Herald Tribune*, millionaire-family-owned, and the *Times-Morning Post* of America:

"The æsthetic aimlessness of the enterprise is equalled only by its social irresponsibility. This collection of mammoth theatres and office buildings is being plunged down in one of the busy and congested portions of Manhattan Island with something like a total disregard of its effects on the neighbourhood. Within half-a-mile there are half-a-dozen theatres which are already absurdly large and absurdly expensive, and already in excess of any need for mass entertainment."

One of these days, perhaps soon, the world will look across at America and see, in place of a bloated giant, the lean, hard, stream-lined figure of an economic athlete. The metamorphosis will be as good for the outer world, which has suffered much from the repercussions of this phase of transatlantic giantitis, as it will be for America herself.

THE NEW AND ANCIENT CITIES OF FEZ (cont. from p. 336)

For the illiterate there are shops where the owner will write the necessary message for you in Arabic. The Jews in their black clothes and skull caps, so reminiscent of Shylock, are always conspicuous. They form a large section of the population and live in their own quarter of the town.

Mosques are encountered everywhere in Fez. After visiting Moscow I wondered if any other town could boast of so many churches. But Fez must equal, if she does not exceed, the Russian metropolis in the number of her mosques and shrines.

Fez has always been a seat of learning. Here come men from all parts of the Muhammadan world to be trained for the priesthood. Its libraries contain priceless manuscripts; its lecture halls, of cedar with tiled mosaic seats on which the sunshine plays through a dome of coloured glass, are a revelation of beauty.

As in the city, the tide of life flows here as in the past centuries, whilst the outside world struggles with the problems arising from continuous change.

Will these problems eventually assail Fez? Signs are not wanting as to the possibility; Algiers and Tunis have at any rate partially succumbed to modern conditions, and the new Fez is a real danger to the old city.

But as it stands to-day Fez offers a picture of a bygone age which can seldom be seen elsewhere, and this is the more remarkable in view of the ease with which the journey may now be accomplished. The traveller may journey much farther afield to see a less interesting and instructive place.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of this Society are very gratified at having received notification from the Admiralty that the first and second prizes in the examination for Advanced Navy Boys have been won by *Arethusa* boys. This is the tenth time in succession that *Arethusa* boys have won the first prize. Funds are greatly needed to carry on this National work, and will be gratefully acknowledged. Please address 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

✣ ✣ ✣

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel
Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Mandurah Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere - Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel
Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel

Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel
Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire - Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham - on - Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel
Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia

Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor - - Great Northern Hotel (Co. Down)
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
St. Neots - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

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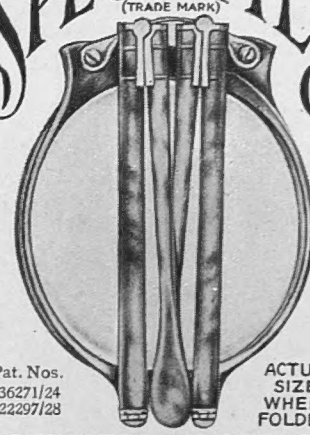

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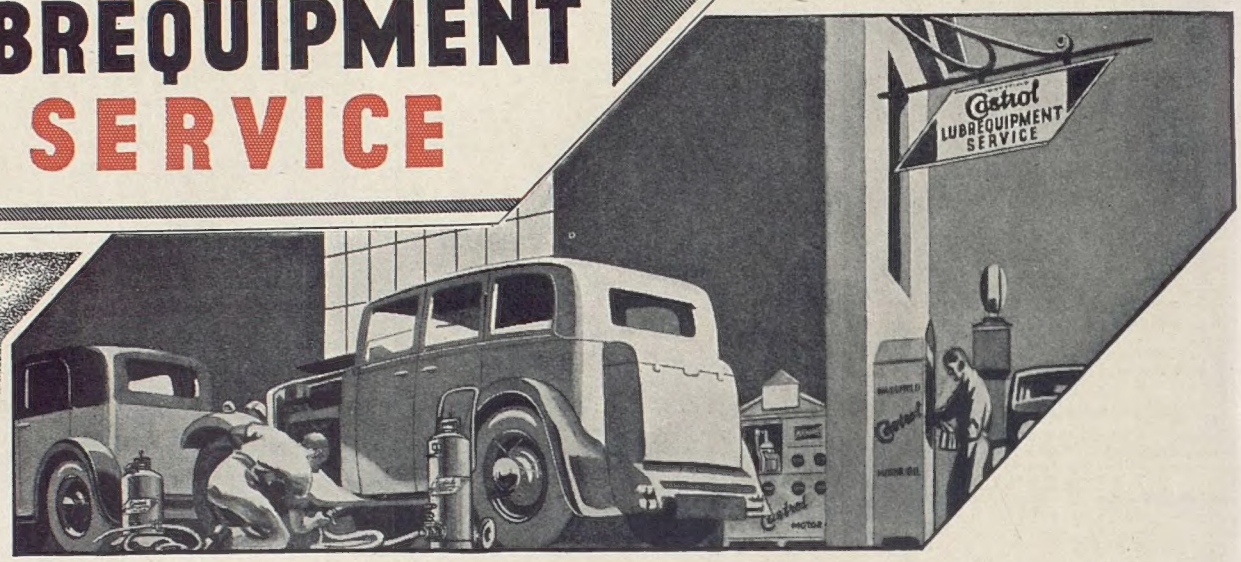

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Castrol Lubrequipment Service Stations now appointed to do the work for you

THE car manufacturer knows what he's talking about. He knows that without adequate lubrication your car cannot but give trouble. But . . . *do* you lubricate it as often as you should? No! . . . because it has always been such a troublesome, messy business. Yet it is vitally important that the work should be done, so we have arranged to do it for you!

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